



THE ASHBURIAN

A S H B U R Y C O L L E G E
R O C K C L I F F E P A R K • O T T A W A

THE ASHBURIAN

VOLUME XXVIII • NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FORTY-FIVE

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TABLE OF CONTENTS VOLUME XXVIII 1945

Roll of Honour.....	4	Bridge Club.....	36
Dedication.....	5	Panorama.....	36
Staff.....	6	Music.....	37
School Officers.....	7	Rugby Football.....	37
Editorial.....	8	Soccer.....	41
Valedictory.....	9	Hockey.....	46
Memorial to John Rowley.....	10	Cricket.....	48
Memorial Mr. Walsh.....	12	Boxing.....	51
Chapel Notes.....	13	Skiing.....	52
School Notes.....	14	Through the Years.....	52
Form Notes.....	17, 19-21	Old Boys' News.....	54
June Closing.....	23	Literary Section.....	62
Sports Day.....	26	Various Literary Pieces.....	72
Cadet Corps and Inspection.....	28	Exchanges.....	74
Library.....	31	Junior Literature.....	75
Plays.....	32	Junior School Review.....	76
Debating Society.....	34	List of Advertisers.....	81-104
School Dance.....	35		

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Lt. John Wallace
P.O. Harry C. Millen
Lt.-Col. John Rowley, D.S.O.
Capt. J. A. Symington
Flt. Lt. L. F. Jarvis

*O valiant hearis, who to your glory came,
Through dust of conflict and through battle flame;
Tranquil you lie, your knightly virtue proved,
Your memory hallowed in the land you loved.*

*These were His servants, in His steps they trod,
Following through death the martyred Son of God:
Victor He rose; victorious too shall rise
They who have drunk His cup of sacrifice.*

“Their name liveth for evermore”



N. M. ARCHDALE, M.A. Oxon.
Headmaster

WE DEDICATE THIS ISSUE TO MR. ARCHDALE, WHO IS LEAVING US AFTER
NINE YEARS AS HEADMASTER. MAY SUCCESS AND GOOD FORTUNE BE HIS.

THE STAFF

Headmaster

N. M. ARCHDALE, M.A.
The Queen's College, Oxford

Senior Master and Housemaster

A. D. BRAIN, B.A. (Toronto)
Sometime Scholar of Exeter College, Oxford

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MISS E. BARKER

Nurse Matron

MISS H. A. MACLAUGHLIN, R.R.C., R.N.

Housekeeper

MRS. ARNOLD

Assistant Nurse Matron

MRS. H. FRASER

Bursar

D. R. THOMAS

Secretary

MISS A. THOMS

Music

MISS IRENE WOODBURN

SCHOOL OFFICERS

Captain of the School

E. B. PILGRIM

Captain of the Day-Boys

C. W. J. ELIOT

Prefects

P. RICHARDSON

R. THOMAS

H. PRICE

House Monitors

R. SABLIN

J. SMITH

I. MACGREGOR

S. PEGRAM

M. SHENSTONE

Day-Boy Monitors

D. MATTHEWS

J. HOOPER

W. NELLES

Cadet Corps

Corps Leader

MAJOR H. W. PRICE

Second in Command

CADET CAPTAIN J. HOOPER

Platoon Commanders

CADET LT. G. READ

CADET LT. I. MACGREGOR

Cadet Sergeant-Major

J. SMITH

Cadet Quartermaster-Sergeant

D. FAJR

Games Captains

Rugby

E. PILGRIM

Hockey

R. THOMAS

Cricket

P. RICHARDSON

Soccer

P. RICHARDSON

Games Vice-Captains

Rugby

P. RICHARDSON

Hockey

E. PILGRIM

Cricket

R. SABLIN

Soccer

R. SABLIN

House Captains

Connaught

P. RICHARDSON

Woolcombe

E. PILGRIM

EDITORIAL

FOR more than five years the German people, self-deluded into the belief that it could rule the world, has made of Europe the living hell of a vast concentration camp. It has involved mankind in a struggle which has cost the lives of more than fifty million people—as though three hundred cities the size of Ottawa had been totally wiped out. Another war, directly involving the whole of mankind in the unspeakable destruction of the atomic bomb, must mean the end of civilization as we know it. We must face this fact; it means that no effort can be too great to make and maintain a lasting peace.

It is up to us just as much as to anyone else. You will ask "What can we do? We can have no influence whatever in world affairs; we have not even a vote." But it is especially up to us to make ourselves well-informed and sensible citizens, for it was the ignorance of the German people which enabled Hitler to gain power, and, of course, he retained it largely by keeping them ignorant. A recent Gallup Poll in Canada showed that twenty-one per cent of those interviewed were unable to explain what Democracy is; that forty per cent had no idea what Free

Enterprise means; and that sixty-two per cent were unable to define Socialism. We, who will be the voters of tomorrow, must change this state of affairs, so that we may use our vote to the greatest advantage.

How, then, can we make ourselves good citizens? First of all, of course, by doing our work at school as well as possible, and by taking interest particularly in history and current affairs; for if we know how the particular system of government being offered us has succeeded before (they have all been tried), we may reasonably expect it to have the same success or failure again. To know what is going on around us in the world is equally important, for even more obvious reasons.

Let us, therefore, take hold of ourselves. Let us develop in ourselves that ordinary common sense and ability to think clearly which are the best defence against all manner of future ideologies and war-mongering. "The Lord helps those who help themselves;" and if we trust in God, and do our best, we cannot—we must not—fail.

*"Father in Heaven, who lovest all,
O help Thy children when they call,
That they may build, from age to age,
An undefiled heritage."*

VALEDICTORY

The following is the text of the Valedictory delivered by Edwin Pilgrim, Captain of the School for 1944 - 1945, at the closing ceremonies on the fourteenth of June, 1945 :

"**F**IRST of all I would like to say how very sorry we, the boys of Ashbury, are that Mr. Archdale is leaving the school this year. For the past nine years under his leadership and guidance the school has progressed in scholastic standing, in numbers and reputation. We bid him a regretful farewell, and we wish him to know that our thoughts will be with him in his new work. We now have with us a new Headmaster, Mr. Ogden Glass, who we have every confidence will help us carry on and reinforce the Ashbury traditions of 'honesty, courage and comradeship.'

This year an epoch in the history of the world has closed with the end of Nazi domination in Europe. Ahead is a new era, an era which we can make one of peace and happiness only if we are trained and prepared to work for it. During the most crucial years of the war we who are leaving Ashbury today were being trained, as it now turns out, to assume our share in the great task of forging the peace. Our education has not been of the class-room alone. We owe to Ashbury far more than mere schooling; we have been given here an

understanding of humanity, of people of all types, of different nationalities, different points of view. Abinger and other boys from far-off distant lands have taught us the truth that deep within themselves people are fundamentally the same, to whatever race or country they belong. The comradeship, the team spirit, the friendship we have gained from working and living and playing together — this also was our education. We have learned to do things for ourselves and for others; we have learned to command and obey in dignity and good temper.

Our life to come will not be easy. We are going out into the world, some for a while to war against the Japanese, all, we must hope, to war against such foes as greed, corruption, ignorance and poverty of mind and body. Here at Ashbury we have been given the tools to fight these evils. For we have learnt that in the years to come, though troubles and sorrows may press hard upon us, we must ever bear in mind those stirring words of President Roosevelt : 'the only thing we have to fear is fear itself.' "



The Late LIEUTENANT-COLONEL J. W. H. ROWLEY

KILLED IN ACTION — MARCH 26th, 1945

Lieutenant-Colonel J. W. H. ROWLEY

We are very sorry to announce that on March 26th, 1945, Lieutenant-Colonel J. W. H. Rowley was killed in action on the Western Front. We offer our deepest sympathy to his wife and family, his mother and his brother, Roger Rowley.

John Rowley was at Ashbury for a number of years, finishing up as Captain of the School and a prominent member of the Football, Hockey and Cricket Teams. On graduation he went to Dalhousie University Law School, and after obtaining his degree joined the firm of Henderson, Herridge, Gowling & MacTavish, practising as a barrister in Ottawa.

Always a keen member of the Cameron Highlanders Militia unit, when the unit was mobilized for active service, he with his brother went overseas in 1940. He did well, and eventually was promoted to Lieut.-Colonel in command of the battalion in December 1944. He was awarded the D.S.O. posthumously.

Elected a member of the Board of Governors of Ashbury College in 1938, he worthily maintained the long tradition of helpfulness established by his family.

The loss of John Rowley is not only personal, it is a real loss to Ashbury and to Canada. All who knew him will agree that the many fine and lovable qualities he possessed are all too rare. We can only hope that his example will inspire both Ashburians and Canadians in the future.

Mr. CYRIL WALSH

It is with the deepest sorrow that we record the passing of Mr. Walsh, a master at Ashbury for more than two years. His health had been declining for a long time, and for several months he had been very ill, but in spite of his suffering he had insisted upon carrying on with his full duties. It was only by the most urgent pleas that he could finally be induced, in January, to go to hospital. He returned to school, however, in a few weeks, and in spite of entreaties took up his work again; but the strain he was imposing upon himself was too great, and on the fourteenth of May he was again taken to hospital, where he lived for a week, suffering the most intense pain. He died at half-past five on the morning of the twenty-second of May.

Cyril Walsh was born in Staffordshire, England, in 1880. He held positions in St. Michael's College, Toronto, and later headed his own private school in that city. During the war, he was with the Department of Munitions and Supply for two years. He came to Ashbury in January, 1943, and taught various subjects, mostly in the Middle School.

The most outstanding qualities of Mr. Walsh were his kindness, his charity, and his selfless devotion to duty. His kindness will long be remembered by all of us, but especially by the boys of Abinger, for he went out of his way to be considerate to them and did all he could to make their life pleasant. He laboured constantly to obtain funds and necessities for the poor of London under the blitz. But above all he was loyal and devoted to Ashbury, and his insistence upon remaining at his post in the face of his painful illness must largely have been the cause of his death. And surely there can be no finer tribute to his unselfish character than his apology, a few days before his death, for the trouble he thought he was causing.

Ashbury has lost — we have all of us lost — a very great and faithful friend.

CHAPEL NOTES

THIS year services were again conducted in the chapel under the supervision of the Reverend A. J. Poole, now in his second year as School Chaplain. There were twelve celebrations of Holy Communion throughout the year, and the regular Sunday morning services were held with Mr. Archdale, Mr. Poole, the Reverend L. Nesbitt and Mr. Brain giving the addresses. The Elmwood boarders attended many of the services.

On the tenth of November, 1944, the wedding of Hugh Basil Heath, who left Ashbury in 1942, and of Ann Elizabeth Bowman took place. The ceremony, which was conducted by Mr. Poole, was most impressive. Hugh MacDonald, another Old Ashburian, was best man.

A special service was held on the ninth of May to offer thanks for the victory of the Allies in Europe. The greater part of Elmwood and Ashbury, including day-boys and day-girls, attended on this solemn occasion, and the lessons were read by Janet Caldwell and Edwin Pilgrim. The names of those Old Boys who had laid down their lives were read by the Headmaster. A short and moving address was given by the Brigadier Reverend Canon Hepburn, M.C. Following the service of Thanksgiving in the Chapel a brief ceremony was held at the flagpole in

front of the school, at the foot of which Janet Caldwell and Edwin Pilgrim, on behalf of Elmwood and Ashbury, laid wreaths in memory of those who had died in the war. Mrs. Buck read a portion of "For the Fallen".

The Annual Confirmation Service took place, according to custom, on the evening of Ascension Day. The Bishop of Ottawa, Right Reverend Robert Jefferson, B.D., D.D., was assisted in the service by the Reverend Dr. G. P. Woolcombe and the Reverend A. J. Poole. The Bishop told the nine boys about to be confirmed, who had been prepared and instructed by Mr. Poole, of the duties and responsibilities of life, and the principles by which they should guide themselves.

Great credit is due to W. Eliot, D. Matthews and S. Pegram, for the time and effort they expended in playing the organ at many of the services during the school year.

M. Shenstone and J. Smith acted as Chapel Clerks. The lessons during the week were once more read by the Prefects and Monitors, the former reading the Old Testament and the latter the New Testament.

We were greatly helped by Mr. Powell and Miss Crocombe who came on Sundays and played the organ at Matins for us on many occasions.



SCHOOL NOTES

FIRST of all we would like to thank Mr. Malcolm MacDonald very much indeed for coming to speak and present the prizes at the Closing. It was a great honour for us to have him on our platform, especially in view of the fine speech he gave.

September brought us several changes in staff. To replace Mr. Harrison and Dr. Renny, who left at the end of last year, came Mr. J. N. B. Shaw and Mr. R. A. Smith for Mathematics and Science, and Mr. J. S. Newton for general subjects. Mr. Smith departed at Christmas, and in his place Mr. R. R. Cranston came at the beginning of the following term. Defence and Corps work was crippled by the departure of Mr. Henry a few weeks later, but the boys, under Price, took over the Corps, and produced very good results at the Inspection, an account of which will be found on page 28.

During this year several boys who came out in 1940 have returned to England. We will all miss them, and we wish them the best of luck wherever they may be.

Three House Dances were held this year, in the Senior Library. They were very successful and well attended, and we would like to thank Pilgrim and Richardson for the work they did in organizing the dances and providing the excellent refreshments.

On October 3 the Senior School was invited to Elmwood to hear a talk by the Rev. Brian Green, vicar of Holy Trinity Church, London, and Chaplain of the Anti-Aircraft Defence H. Q. Mr. Green gave us a most interesting talk on the robot bomb attacks and how they were dealt with by the British.

Although there was a good deal of snow this year, by getting at the snow in the rinks before it had time to pile up excessively, we were able to keep them open almost constantly. New boards were this year provided for both rinks, and the Junior rink was increased in size.

At the beginning of the second term a new seating plan was instituted in the Dining Hall. Under this system, each table had Seniors, Intermediates and Juniors, and was in charge of a master and a prefect or monitor. The function of this plan was to foster good manners and to cut down the noise at meals.

We would like to thank the organizers of the exhibition of Polish movies at the Capitol Theatre for the kind invitation they extended to Ashbury.

Some people say that everybody loses weight during the term. The Headmaster has given us the following figures: from October to November, out of 78 boys weighed, 239 lbs. were gained, and 26 lost.

A fine entertainment was held by the late Mr. Walsh for the whole school on the 20th of February. He said he wished to make a small return for the kindness shown by the boys towards him while he was in hospital. It was a demonstration of Mr. Waish's generosity and kindness, and we are most grateful to him.

We would like to congratulate Mrs. Fraser on her marriage on the 14th of April to Flying Officer Beverley Stevens. We were sorry to see her go, and we wish her the best of happiness.

Mrs. Fraser's place was taken by Mrs. Maedonald, who we hope will stay with Ashbury for a long time.

During the year, instead of having chapel on Wednesday mornings, we had a short assembly, at which the Headmaster spoke about the condition of the school during the previous week, and made any important general announcements. It had been planned to have, in the last term, vocational talks by prominent people similar to those being held at the collegiates, but we were only able to have one. On the 25th of April, Mr. T. W. L. MacDermott, of the Department of External Affairs, spoke to us of the opportunities and qualifications for a diplomatic career. We should like to express our gratitude to him for this valuable talk.

The compulsory runs which were introduced last year have now become a regular feature. During the summer term, when (as often happened) it was too wet to play cricket, the Seniors and Intermediates had to run out to the R.C.M.P. barracks and back, a distance of three-quarters of a mile each way, in about twenty minutes. An efficient system of reports ensured that there were no laggards, and the plan provided valuable training for the Cross-Country races.

The casts of the Plays would like to thank Mr. and Mrs. Archdale very much for the delicious refreshments after the show.

Our thanks to the Matrons for their efficient handling of the chickenpox at Christmas. Due to their vigilance there were remarkably few cases, and little inconvenience was caused. A threatening epidemic of whooping-cough was dealt with early and there were only two cases.

The Prefects and Monitors would like to thank Mr. Brain and Mr. Archdale very much for the parties which they gave at the end of the year.

We would like to express our appreciation for the following interesting lectures: Captain Ussher, on his experiences as a prisoner of war in Germany; the films by the representative of the Heinz Co.; "Sport and Industry in Old and New Ontario" by Mr. Humphrey, with his excellent slides; "Modern Applications of Electricity" by the General Electric Co.; "The Magic of the Spectrum" at the National Research Council.

Dr. Woolcombe came to speak to us on January 19. His remarks, as always interesting and valuable, were especially appreciated because he asked for a half-holiday, which was granted.

In the Red Cross campaign, \$25.68 was collected. This was an improvement over last year, but it still averages only about twenty cents for each boy. Surely we can be a little more generous.

Both the Poppy Day and the Merchant Navy St. George's Day campaigns were quite successful, almost everyone in the school contributing.

Who's the waffle - packin' mama ?
Will B. beat B. ?



G. F.

It has been brought to our notice that certain older boys recollect the time when the Flying J-s were on time for chapel.

He may be a brain, but he's all wet when it comes to showers.

We find that the Head can also deal with *Molotoff* cocktails.

How was that triple Bromo at the Windsor, Mike?

The Junior Algebra class is now really hot stuff.

Stan's Twitch has now developed into St. Vitus' Dance.

Some hunt ducks, and others hunt grouse,

But our Prefects' goal is just a mouse.

How's the water at the Aud, Guz?

The noble Editor of Panorama has discovered the new perils of the upstairs bath.

The boys in Junior French have discovered that Crime Does Not Pay.

In case anybody is wondering, R.S.V.P. is the French for "trouble".

Bill and Dave were too much for the organ.

We hear that since the Plays the fair but dubious Yasmin has received several proposals.

Get down and lick his boots, Robbie.

In reply to Mischa: No, there is *no* floor show at the Formal.

We see that books are becoming quite a weighty matter around Ashbury.

They didn't think brown would suit your complexion, Bill.

They say Bill made a new record for the indoor mile that evening. . . .

After perpetrating the above, the Editor is going to shut himself in his Ivory Tower and lock the door. . . .

At the invitation of the Lions Club, four boys had a unique opportunity. A project called "Men of To-Morrow" was conceived whereby two boys from each of the Ottawa High Schools were first guests at a weekly Lions Club lunch, to see what happened, and then ran a Banquet completely providing all the officials except the guest speaker. There were two series. At the first we were represented by Pilgrim and Eliot I and Foster Hewitt was the speaker. At the second John Fisher spoke and Shenstone and Sablin were Ashbury's representatives. All acquitted themselves well in their various duties. The Lions Club is to be congratulated not only on giving the boys an opportunity to speak and act in public, but, more important, to learn what "service" means.



FORM VIa

NAME	NICKNAME	FAVOURITE SAYING	OCCUPATION NEXT YEAR IN FACT
Pilgrim	Pil	"No more till Tuesday"	Navy Zombie
Eliot I	Mrs. Eliot	"I disagree"	Toronto "U"
Shenstone	Shenny	"No, Edwin, it is <i>not</i> the Ablative!"	4th Year Sr. Matric-Ashbury
MacGregor	Moosical	"But this is the only one I've got left!"	Toronto "U" Head-waiter at the Standish
Matthews	Mathy	"By the rusty rod"	Navy Modelling zoot suits
			Queen's Drug-store Cowboy

FORM NOTES

[This is a new feature. We offered to give space for notes on each form provided that the boys themselves provided the material. This space was, of course, open to every form that wished it. — ED.]

FORM VIb

OUR scene opens in the year 1975. Feeling energetic, your correspondent had left his helicopter on the lawn of Ashbury and gone in to see how things were going. He went into the corridor, stopped, and looked around him. Everything was the same, but there seemed to be something missing. He thought for a minute, and realized what it was—the place was too quiet. No longer could be heard the voices of masters upraised in protest, or the steady, ceaseless murmuring of the Middle School. Suspicious, your correspondent ascended the chapel steps and entered Room F. There was no one, apparently, in charge, but (wonder of wonders!) everyone was quiet and busy. He looked around the room, and some of the faces seemed familiar, which was strange, until he realized that some of the Boys had sent their sons to Ashbury. A little imagination; your correspondent blinked, and when he opened his eyes the VIb of 1945, as it seemed, sat before him.

He noticed for the first time an immense affair like an overstuffed slot machine which stood on the desk. The Machine Age was here, and had influenced even education. For the monster gave forth a whirring sound, and a metallic but familiar voice said, "A few notes now, gentlemen!" Another whirr, and from a slot came forth a large sheaf of typewritten material, which the students collected and began to study with apparent interest and concentration. "All right," said the machine, "You've had enough time to

study those. Now, Stanley, what does the past participle agree with?" Stanley opened his mouth, shut it again, scratched his head, and said hopefully, "The Pronoun, sir?" "Yes, Stanley. But there are several kinds of pronouns. Could you explain yourself a little more clearly?" Stanley couldn't.

Twenty minutes later Stanley, and everybody else, could. It was a cool day, but the entire class was sweating profusely and had a faintly haggard expression. The machine was vibrating angrily, and several dials were lit. All of them had some such message as this: "Thomas: two fair copies of notes on past participle, plus two exercises, to be inserted in slot C Tuesday, at 2 p.m."

A bell rang, but no one moved. Instead, the machine emitted loud clanks and whirrs; it appeared to be changing gears. While this was going on, VIb manifested its old spirit, as inkpots (even the Machine Age had not done away with inkpots) flew gaily from hand to hand, and lively individuals hurled the books of other individuals on the floor, and their victims retaliated. . . . But the machine had ceased its clanking. It changed a sign on its front from "FRENCH PERIOD" to "ENGLISH PERIOD", rang a loud gong, and lit up a dial which said, "What the devil's going on in here?"

The machine seemed to fade. Your correspondent rubbed his eyes; it vanished, and he awoke, back in 1945, to the cold reality of to-morrow's prep still undone.

FORM VIc

NAME	NICKNAME	FAVOURITE EXPRESSION	PET AVERTION
Bilderbeck	Big Nig	"How !!"	Squaws
Fleck	Blackhead	"Me and de boys"	Talking (?)
Gault	Buddy	"Just five minutes more"	People with watches
Holmes	Sherlock	"There's a slick chick"	Fuses
McBride	Albert	"Now see here, Pettigrew"	Infirmary
McPherson	Bonehead	"Only once!"	People who ask
Pettigrew	Tubby	Well, there's another first	Those who won't bet
Price II	P. D.	"You know"	(You know)
Schroeder	Big Wal	"I guess I mislaid it"	Staying in VIc

FORM V

NAME	NICKNAME	FAVOURITE EXPRESSION	AMBITION	PROBABLE OCCUPATION	WEAKNESS
Breithaupt	Pete	Don't talk like a pretzel	Tycoon	Bandmaster	Having to work
Fair	Ritz	I haven't finished yet, sir!	Engineer	Ditch-digger	Cooey ruffles
Gardner I	Lippy	I know more about it than you do	Lawyer	Selling newspapers on Sparks St.	Red hair
Gibbs	Weasel	Oh! Shut up!	Arc Welder	Flea Trainer	Bicycles
Hall	Bush	I just threw away the package	To own Smith's transports	Truck Driver	Horses
Hamilton	Hammy	Can I borrow your Arithmetic Kenny?	To join the R.C.M.P.	An inhabitant of the R.C.M.P. jail	Cars
Hampson	Chris	Hey, Joker, where did you put my prep?	To get an education	An educated bum	Comics
Jefferson	Joker	Who's done the prep?	To own a farm	Hired man	Latin
Kenny	Flea	I won't	Doctor	Vet.	Weasel

Marlatt	Frankie	Silly Boy!	Coming to school with all his prep done	Working Saturday mornings	Making breaks
MacRae	Charlie (Atlas)	! ! !	Weight lifter	Pall-bearer	English
Nash II	Beakie	Are you gated yet, Art?	To work in a mine	On a farm in Bucking- ham	Fat women
Nesbitt	Johnny	Huh?	Civil Engineer	Grave digger	Flat tires
Paterson	Puggy	What did we have for prep last night?	Prize fighter	Dim Sablin's second	Blackboards
Ritchie	Stupid	What did I do wrong now?	To be a sleep-walker	He will fulfil his ambition	Laughing
Roome	Mike	I haven't done my Latin yet, so I can't give it to you.	Admiral of the Fleet	Making paper boats	Brains
Smith III	Speck	Excuse me, Mr. Cranston, I was not talking	To be six feet tall	A midget in a circus	Robertson (and the fair)
Weaver	Moon	Ow! Shut up! Will ya?	Raising horses	Stable boy	Having to be energetic

A GLANCE AT FORM V

Form Five is at work once more,
 On Friday after school,
 For last Tuesday it was caught
 Playing the well-known fool.
 'Twas just before geometry,
 About ten thirty-three,
 When a noise was heard throughout the school;
 Form Five was on a spree!
 It seems that "Puggy" owned a ball,
 Which he had brought to school;
 Balls aren't supposed to break blackboards,
 But Puggy broke that rule.
 Doug Hall, or "Bush" as he is called,
 Was chased around the room,
 The chase became a "free-for-all";
 That was Form Five's doom.
 The noise reached our good Head's ears,
 He came striding down the hall,
 The merry mêlée he interrupted,
 And set work for them all.

A. S.

FORM SHELL

- F is for form-master named Mr. Cranston
 He must be very fine to teach in such a mansion.
- B is for Brown who is driven by need,
 To stop between periods for a couple of weeds.
- D is for Darby who has the forgetting disease,
 For when on parade he is always "at ease".
- D also for Dreyfus the "hot-tempered" boy,
 But when near the girls he's always so coy.
- F is for Feuche the cartographical cuss,
 And when he is "nipped" he will usually blush.
- G is for Grant, Connaught's own secret weapon,
 Woolcombe's best batters he's beginning to threaten.
- H is for Hart who is rather overweight,
 For we have been told he can't enter the gate.
- J is for Johnstone the short little cad,
 Who always is good and never is bad.

L is for Lighthall a little bit mad,
He may be a weed fiend, but he isn't a cad.

M for Macdonald, captain of our class,
Not quite the first boy but not near the last.

R is for Robertson by the telephone waiting,
He usually ends up with a nice little gating.

S is for Scott the form's merry joker,
Whose Sunday night sport is usually playing poker.

—D.S.M., G.C.G.



JUNE CLOSING

The closing took place on Thursday, June 14th, and we had the usual difficulty in finding room for all in the Chapel for the Leaving Service which preceded the speeches and prize-giving. The following account of the proceedings is taken from THE OTTAWA CITIZEN.

IN HIS parting words to the students at Ashbury College at the closing ceremony yesterday, N. M. Archdale, headmaster for the past nine years, envisioned the college becoming a great school. "Ashbury has had an opportunity given to no other school in Canada, in its location in the Capital city", he said.

The Hon. Malcolm MacDonald, British High Commissioner, presented the prizes and awards at the ceremony, and members of the board of governors of the college were present for the occasion.

Mr. Archdale said he could see no reason why "an inspiring headmaster", as he believed his successor, Lt. Ogden Glass, R.C.N.V.R., to be, and the support of an energetic and powerful board of governors, should not make Ashbury a great school.

"I picture this great Ashbury as being not necessarily any larger than at present, but with the best of equipment, with the best of staff, and with the best of reputation—in other words, the best," he told the boys.

Mr. Archdale reviewed briefly the happenings at the school during his

period there as headmaster, recalling that when he first assumed his duties there in 1936 there were only 63 boys attending, as compared with the enrolment of 183 boys during the time of the influx of English students to Canada.

Learn to be Canadian

When he had first come to the school, he said, it was in a time of shuffling and reorganizing. The private schools of Canada had to learn that the old idea of copying the English Public Schools, of filling the ranks of the staff with Englishmen, and developing a rather superior snobbish attitude led to many of the troubles with which the private schools were plagued.

"They have learned that they are Canadian schools, and while such good points of the English Public schools as can be applied to Canada are eminently desirable, these methods, habits and customs must be suited to Canada."

Mr. Archdale referred to the "cleavage" which had existed between public and private schools in Canada and said :

"That, I am glad to say, is now rapidly going by the board. Private schools, high schools and the Department of Education are all working together, even if along different lines, for the benefit of the whole community."

Mr. Archdale, in his recollections of his years at the school, paid tribute in passing to the late Mr. Walsh of the teaching staff, who he said had been a real man, a real gentleman, and a lover of the college, and to A. D. Brain, the housemaster, for his unflagging zeal and tremendous energy.

Laud Headmaster

The chairman of the board of governors, Col. E. N. Newcombe, who acted as chairman for the ceremony, spoke

of Mr. Archdale's contributions to the college, and the guest speaker, Hon. Malcolm MacDonald, the British High Commissioner, had high words of praise for the parting headmaster, both as an observer of his work at the school and as a personal friend.

Mr. Archdale was the recipient of a number of gifts presented on behalf of the students and the staff. Those who took part in the presentation were : A. D. Brain, William Nelles and E. Pilgrim.

The British High Commissioner was received with enthusiasm by the boys. He told stories of great men, admired by all, and personal stories, that caught and held the students' attention.

He told them about having dinner one night with Winston Churchill during the winter of 1940, when the battle of Britain was at its height. He described vividly how Mr. Churchill had come gleefully into the room, rather like a schoolboy about to announce he had won a prize.

Genius of Churchill

"As a matter of fact, he had won a prize," the speaker said. "He told us that half an hour earlier, news for which he had been waiting anxiously all day had arrived, and that General Wavell had started his offensive in North Africa and captured his first objective, Sidi Barrani.

"But it was not just Winston Churchill's genius that makes him amongst other things a master of war," he pointed out. "Genius will not get very far unless it is taught, disciplined, tempered and matured by hard work, by grinding industry, by sustained toil. Churchill is one of the surest war leaders of all time, not only because he has a native flair for military affairs, but because he underwent a long, stern

apprenticeship as soldier and war correspondent; because he travelled to view half the battlefields of the world and has burned the midnight oil studying every important military and naval campaign in history."

Mr. MacDonald spoke too of the late President Roosevelt, and his courage. "Any but a man of absolute indomitable spirit would have bowed to fate and abandoned all thought of a useful career in government," he said. "But Roosevelt never surrendered."

Courage of Roosevelt

One element in the great man's courage had been his sense of humor, the speaker said.

"No public man in this century has set such a superb example of lovely virtue and courage, nor demonstrated more effectively what great things they can do," the British High Commissioner said.

He called on the students to remember always the art of hero worship, and profit by studying their heroes.

"Yes," he said, "let us look often along the gallery of heroes and learn from them the manly virtues. The thought of such men, whether they be famous or humble, is inspiring. Never be ashamed of worshipping a hero. They better than anyone can teach us the practice of the virtues. We can learn from them those great human qualities that turn boys into men, and sometimes men into gods."

It was the British High Commissioner who towards the close of the ceremony made the presentation of awards to the students. Several of these went to M. Shenstone, who took the Governor General's Medal for the best academic standing in the school.

The Southam Cup, for the boy most

outstanding in work and games, was won by W. Eliot.

The valedictorian, E. Pilgrim, began his address by paying tribute to the headmaster, N. M. Archdale, and wishing him success in his new duties at a school in Chile. He then continued by saying that during the past few crucial years, the boys at Ashbury had been training for the great task of helping build the peace, although they might not have been aware of the fact.

Trained to Build Peace

All their training had not been only in the classrooms, he said, but equally as much in working together, playing together, and living together.

"We are going out into the world now," the student said, "some of us to the war against the Japanese, all of us to the war against greed, envy, hate and poverty."

The new headmaster, who will assume his duties next fall, Lt. C. Ogden Glass, R.C.N.V.R., was asked to address the students, and his remarks were brief. He told the students he was looking forward to his being with them, and working with them.

Also present for the closing ceremony of Ashbury were members of the board of governors: Rev. Dr. G. P. Woollcombe, H. S. Southam, Lt.-Col. J. D. Fraser, Col. E. Newcombe, and F. A. Heney.

Prize List

Governor General's Medal, M. Shenstone; Southam Cup, W. Eliot; Nelson Shield, E. Pilgrim; Read Prize (Latin), M. Shenstone; Mathematics Prize, D. Matthews; Angus Prize (French), M. Shenstone; Woods Prize (Jun. Award of Merit), J. MacCordick; Public Speaking, senior, M. Shenstone; intermediate, J. Pettigrew; Wilson, batting, P. Richardson; bowling, P. Richardson; Wilson

Shield (House) Connaught House; Barker Prize (Merit), R. Samuels; Hunter Prize, C. Durnford; Belcher Prize, Form II, M. Mansur; Archdale Prize (Merit), T. Kenny.

Athletic Prizes

Fleming Cup, senior, R. Sablin; Stanley-Wright Cup, intermediate, D. Robertson; Aylwin Cup, junior, G. Grant; cross country, senior, E. Pilgrim; intermediate, B. Castle; junior, G. Grant; Under 11, M. Mansur; shooting, Willis O'Connor Cup (over 16) and Strathcona Medal, W. Eliot; Scott Cup (15-16), B. Heney; Cox Cup (under 15), A. Smith; boxing, Fauquier, senior heavyweight, R. Sablin; Fauquier senior lightweight, B. Castle; Evans, intermediate heavyweight, R. Paterson; Ker, intermediate middleweight, R. Darby; Edwards, intermediate lightweight, A. Smith; Patison, junior heavyweight, W. Grant; Chester-

Master, junior lightweight, M. Parsons; ringcraft, R. Paterson; inter - school soccer (Fraser Cup), B. Castle, captain of under 15 team; Woods Cup, platoon competition, No. 3 Platoon, Lt. Richardson; best science notebook (Forms III and II), first, R. Taylor; second, W. Mitchell.

Music prizes of books and pictures were awarded to forms II and III by Miss I. Woodburn.

Standard Prizes

VIA, M. Shenstone, D. Matthews, W. Eliot; VIB, J. Hooper, F. Mingie, J. Smith, B. Castle; VIC, J. Pettigrew, A. Holmes; V, C. Hampson, T. Kenny, A. MacRae, J. Nesbitt, R. Paterson, A. Smith; Shell, R. Johnstone, D. Macdonald; IV, B. Heney, D. Heney, W. Brownlee, S. Taylor; III, A. Taylor; 1A, P. Gilbert, D. Younger, C. Durnford, G. Baskerville, G. Shepherd; 1B, R. Younger, W. Roberts.

SPORTS DAY

ACCORDING to custom, we had fine weather not only on Sports Day, but also when running off the heats. There was a goodly number of spectators in view of it being a mid-week morning and some good races with close finishes were seen. Sablin's record of 10 2/5 in the 100 yards was notable. Grant I's achievement in winning every Junior event has rarely been equalled. He naturally won also the Aylwin Cup for the Junior Championship. Robertson won the Intermediate Championship and the Irwin Cup by a very narrow margin from Castle. Sablin again won the Fleming Cup for the Senior Championship, but Smith I and Pilgrim gave him a good run for his money.

Results

100 yards, Senior—1, R. Sablin; 2, J. Smith; 3, P. Richardson.

Intermediate—1, B. Castle; 2, D. Robertson; 3, H. Dreyfus.

Junior—1, G. Grant; 2, D. Heney; 3, D. Macdonald.

75 yards, under 12—1, M. Mansur; 2, D. Owen; 3, P. Smith.

One mile open—1, E. Pilgrim; 2, R. Sablin; 3, P. Richardson.

220 yards, Senior—1, R. Sablin; 2, J. Smith; 3, E. Pilgrim.

Intermediate—1, B. Castle; 2, D. Robertson; 3, R. Paterson.

Junior—1, G. Grant; 2, D. Heney; 3, B. Chisholm.

High Jump, Senior—1, W. Schroeder; 2, E. Pilgrim and P. Richardson.

Intermediate—1, R. Hamilton; 2, J. Nesbitt and H. Dreyfus.

Junior—1, G. Grant; 2, D. Owen; 3, R. Darby and G. Knott.

50 yards, under 10—1, C. Novakowski; 2, G. Shepherd; 3, R. Macdowell.

880 yards, senior — 1, E. Pilgrim; 2, R. Sablin; 3, W. Scott.

Obstacle race, Junior—1, G. Grant; 2, C. Pettet; 3, F. Copley.

Intermediate—1, R. Paterson; 2, T. Kenny; 3, J. Nesbitt.

Hurdles, under 12—1, D. Owen; 2, B. Chisholm; 3, M. Mansur.

Junior—1, G. Grant; 2, D. Heney; 3, G. Knott.

Intermediate—1, B. Castle; 2, L. Hamilton; 3, R. Paterson.

Senior—1, P. Richardson; 2, J. Smith; 3, R. Sablin.

Under 12—1, D. Vaughan; 2, J. Cartairs; 3, B. Chisholm.

Senior—1, H. Price; 2, I. MacGregor.

440 yards, Intermediate—1, B. Castle; 2, D. Robertson; 3, W. Scott.

Senior—1, E. Pilgrim; 2, R. Sablin; 3, J. Smith.

Inter - House tug of war — Woollcombe.

Inter-House relay race—4 220-yard laps—Woolcombe.

Junior cricket ball — 1, G. Grant; 2, W. Grant; 3, D. Owen.

Intermediate—1, D. Robertson; 2, L. Hamilton; 3, W. Scott.

Senior—1, F. Mingie; 2, M. Gault; 3, E. Pilgrim.

Long jump, Junior—1, G. Grant; 2, R. Wettkaufer; 3, P. Smith.

Intermediate—1, D. Robertson; 2, R. Paterson; 3, J. Nesbitt.

Senior—1, R. Sablin; 2, J. Smith; 3, E. Pilgrim.



G. F.

CADET CORPS

BEARING the laurels of the Sherwood Cup, presented annually to the best Cadet Corps in the Ottawa District of M. D. No. 3, No. 137 R. C. A. C. Ashbury College Cadet Corps started this year in high spirits. Early in the Michaelmas term Colonel L. P. Sherwood himself came and presented the Cup to us, who now felt that we had the reward of one year's hard work in the school, and that with another year of even harder and more loyal work, it would remain here.

Mr. C. M. Henry, our instructor, now holding the rank of Lieutenant, arrived a week or two late. However, this gave us time to arrange the Quartermaster Stores, to hand out the uniforms, and to inspect all the new material, weapons and cadets. Mr. Henry arrived to put the battalion in order; things then proceeded according to plan.

In the actual Corps organization, the following arrangements were soon put into effect :

Cadet Lieutenant-Colonel E. B. Pilgrim, officer commanding the Battalion; Cadet Major J. G. M. Hooper, second-in-command; Cadet Regimental Sergeant-Major, J. F. Smith; Cadet Lieutenant C. W. J. Eliot, Adjutant. In addition to this there were two Cadet Majors, each commanding a company, and two Cadet Captains, their seconds-in-command. Each Company consisted of two platoons. As in the latter part of last year, the Junior School made up most of No. 2 Company.

All N.C.O.'s, with the exception of the R.S.M. and the two C.S.M.'s, were

holding their ranks temporarily. A class attended by all these N.C.O.'s and those cadets wishing to become N.C.O.'s was held, in which all necessary drill, with and without arms, was taken up. The men were divided into three squads, each squad being instructed by a corps officer. The purpose of this class was to make N.C.O.'s who had a thorough knowledge of drill, and who could instruct in drill. Map Reading was also included in this training.

Work to gain chevrons was soon under way. In Defence classes various subjects were taken up, among which were: Meteorology, Small Arms Training and the Internal Combustion Engine, in which a demonstration model of an old Ford engine helped considerably.

Shooting on the ranges continued, but with rather disappointing results. Despite this, however, the Cadet Corps seemed to be showing promise.

Early in the month of February, we received a mortal blow. Mr. Henry was called away. We were left in the middle of our training syllabus and it was here that we realized how much we depended on our instructor. He handled most of the official correspondence, he could spend all his time on the Corps, and he had an infinite knowledge of the work done. In vain another instructor was sought, so we had to carry on as we could. With outside help, we were given lectures on some platoon weapons.

At the beginning of the Trinity term, the Battalion returned to a Company



organization, which could be handled with much more efficiency. A band of 5 drums and 6 bugles was formed, helping the marching a great deal. The officers of the Company were selected and were as follows: Cadet Major E. B. Pilgrim, commanding; Cadet Captain J. G. M. Hooper, second-in-command; Cadet Company Sergeant-Major J. F. Smith, and the platoon commanders, two of whom had formerly been in command of a company, the third a second-in-command. All other officers and N.C.O.'s reverted to the ranks, whereupon examinations for the appointment of N.C.O.'s were held, and the Corps then began an intensive preparation for the Inspection.

Not long after this "Risorgimento", Cadet Major Pilgrim retired, his place being taken by Lieutenant H. W. Price.

The annual Church Parade was held on October 29. The Corps marched to Christ Church Cathedral and attended a short service there, after which, together with the other Cadet Corps of the city, it attended a general parade on Parliament Hill.

Inspection

The Annual Inspection of the Cadet Corps took place on Friday, May 18th, Captain Craig, Deputy District Cadet Officer, inspecting. Captain Riley of the G.G.F.G. Reserve accompanied him.

The Company fell in on the Company Parade Ground at 1330 hours, the Inspecting Officer being expected at 1400 hours. Unfortunately a shower of rain which had been imminent for some time started and continued with increasing violence throughout the afternoon. We marched onto the field, accompanied by No. 29 Pipe Band of the Cameron Highlanders, and formed up in line opposite the saluting base. Captain Craig and Captain Riley

arrived, and with the Headmaster took their places under the flag. The Company presented arms, while our own band played the General Salute. Captain Craig thereupon inspected the Corps, complimenting Cadet Major Price on the smart turnout.

After this, the Company marched past the saluting base in column of route and in close column of platoons, bringing the ceremonial to an end by advancing in Review Order and giving the General Salute.

Company, platoon and section drill was then carried on, followed by the "circus". In this, signalling by means of Semaphore and Morse lamp was displayed, a lesson with the Swift Training Rifle was held, a lecture on Map Reading was given, and instruction in Aiming was demonstrated, all of which received praise from the officers inspecting.

The Company Sergeant-Major led a physical training class, followed by the Junior Cadet Corps in their whites, and a series of marches by the band. During this time, the rest of the Company had retired to the back quad, where a special platoon under Cadet Lieutenant P. W. Richardson was drawn up.

Still the rain descended upon the already saturated ground, the streaming roofs and the dripping spectators.

For some weeks, various parts of a "Commando" course were being set up



G. F.

on the lawn in front of the school, drawing inquisitive glances from passers-by, and often gasps of amazement from the boys themselves.

Armed with a revolver, Mr. Richardson led his picked platoon through this maze of wood, rope, iron and wire. The whole course was done at the double and two rows of rubber tires, staggered slightly, presented some difficulty as they lifted their knees high and ran on their toes. Finally, fairly exhausted, they had to run up a sloping log, a task made even more difficult by the falling rain.

The company fell in again and we marched out to the flag pole and formed square. Captain Craig then said a few words. He said that our inspection was much better than he had expected it to be, considering the loss of our instructor and the continual bad weather. Complimenting us on the steadiness on parade, he mentioned that

this was a quality of a good soldier. Captain Craig also said that we, who hoped to lead our country in the future, could not do so until we had learned to be led ourselves, and from appearances we had learnt the basic principles of this. The Headmaster spoke very briefly, the Company marched off and the parents and friends who had bravely endured the elements dispersed.

On our last parade of the year, the following Monday, a bright day for a change, Mr. Archdale thanked the Corps for the good show they had put up, and presented the Woods trophy for the best platoon to Cadet Lieutenant Richardson of No. 3 Platoon. It was won last year by No. 2 Platoon under Cadet Lieutenant Price, now our Commanding Officer.

The Company then dismissed, with some of us still hoping, knowing that some honest effort had been given for the Sherwood Cup.



DREAMING

*A hemlock tree stands in a glade,
While the violets sleep beneath its shade.
While the eagle soars aloft on high,
The hemlock tree stands quietly by.*

*The sordid city sprawls in the sun,
The people toil till their work is done.
But the hemlock tree just stands in state,
While beneath its shade the violets wait.*

*The sordid city I'll always hate,
But there I'm decreed to meet my fate.
While a hemlock tree stands in a glade,
With violets asleep beneath its shade.*

—By R. HEAVEN.

LIBRARIANS REPORT 1944-45

THE library year was not particularly satisfactory. Some improvements were initiated but the circulation, the factor upon which a library stands or falls, was far below the level we had hoped for. Rectification of this failing must be a major aim of the librarians next year.

This session, for the first time, books were purchased from a wholesaler. This meant a considerable saving of money and the allowance for new books was stretched proportionately.

In an effort to stimulate interest, displays of book jackets were set up on the library notice board. These were changed frequently and were an effective advertisement. Next year it is hoped that more display work will be undertaken; for instance, it might be possible for the junior art classes to do some book posters or for special library periods to be held in some of the literature classes.

A deficiency much deplored by my predecessor, Mr. Harrison, was, at last, remedied. Locks were placed on all the book cupboards. This meant that all illegal circulation was stopped and that the librarians could keep an efficient check on book losses.

An energetic — perhaps too energetic — system of fining was initiated this year. Culprits who left their own property lying about the library room or who kept books overdue were penalized. By this means, the library realized a tidy sum. This money was used to purchase a pipe rack, to which a small plate was affixed, for Mr. Archdale.

I should like to thank my fellow librarians, particularly Eliot II, for their splendid and unstinting assistance. It is to be hoped that next year, with further improvements, circulation will attain a more satisfactory level.

J. N. B. SHAW

A MOTHER AND HER CHILDREN

*When over Britain's Isle last May
The dreaded Hitler's pathway lay,
A mother and her children three
Set forth, fair Canada to see.
The voyage was with terror fraught
And far to north was safely sought
But Quebec's fine port was duly reached
And here the ship was safely beached.
The waiting train the four then sought
And to Montreal were quickly brought.
From there they sped to Fundy's shore
And thought their troubles safely o'er.
Alas that this was not to be
For measles seized the children three,
And that they might again be well
Nurse Long came with them to dwell.
For three weeks Michael lay abed
While plans were forming in his head,
A puppet show was promptly played
With settings round his bed arrayed.*

*And soon in Clibrig's wood did stand
A cabin built by Michael's hand.
Too quick the summer days are past
And to the Manor House at last
Their mother brings the Marshalls three
And to the school at once goes she
Where Michael and David lessons learn
And praise and blame alike they earn.
While winter comes to bring them joy
And skates and skis they both employ,
And strive by force of much strong will
To learn their use with master skill.
While sometimes in their narrow beds
Dreams pass through their boyish heads
Of Cambridge where their parents fly
In airships through the English sky
And hopes that these same ships may come
To Canada to bring them home.*

—By M. J. M.

THE PLAYS

THE Annual Plays were held on Saturday, March the second, at the Technical School Auditorium. Two plays were presented — *Hassan*, by James Elroy Flecker, and *Shall We Join the Ladies?* by Sir James Barrie.

Hassan is the story of a sweetmeat seller of Bagdad who attempts to win the love of a lady called Yasmin, and becomes involved in an intrigue against the life of the Caliph of Bagdad. He manages to foil the intrigue, but not to win the lady's love. We decided not to attempt the lavish Oriental setting of the original, and the entire play was performed in front of a curtain. Only the first two acts were presented. The title role was played with skill and feeling by William Eliot, whose grief when he found he had been duped by his friend Selim presented a truly pathetic spectacle. The other parts were all convincingly handled, and it is invidious to pick out any individual for special praise, but we feel, nevertheless, that we must mention the really fine performance of John Hooper in the difficult part of the poet, Ishak.

The second, *Shall we Join the Ladies?*, a one-act play, was of completely different style. As the curtain rises we find a house-party in progress; the guests of Sam Smith, a benevolent-looking little bachelor, are seated around the dinner table. Then their host rises and tells them that one of them is the murderer of his brother, and that he has invited them all to his house to find out which one. The remainder of the play shows the reac-

tion of the guests to this news, and it ends on a tantalizing note as a horrible scream is heard. We never find out who the murderer is. This play was produced in co-operation with Elmwood. All the parts were well played, and the convincing reaction of all the guests added a great deal of life to the performance; but we could not have done justice to the play had it not been for the fine work of the Elmwood girls. The part of Smith was played with great aplomb by Michael Shenstone, who handled subtly the difficult change in manner from a kindly host to a relentless sleuth-hound.

Our thanks to the Technical School for its kindness and help; to our ushers and usherettes; to Miss Graham of Elmwood for her assistance in producing *Shall We Join the Ladies?*; to Shenstone for his making of the announcements; to our efficient stage managers; and last but not least to our hard-working producers and casts.

THE FOLLOWING ACCOUNT WAS WRITTEN BY MR. J. N. B. SHAW FOR "PANORAMA"

I suppose one goes to amateur theatricals for one of two reasons: in order to be entertained, or in order to be amused. The first motive is fulfilled when the players are of a reasonably high quality; the second when they are of an unreasonably low quality. Of course, most important, a visit to an amateur performance is always profitable because, good or bad, it is never boring.

It was with a thought such as this that your reporter attended Saturday's



G. F.

performance of *Hassan* and *Shall We Join the Ladies*. His contacts with the play producers had led him to expect the worse, and therefore the more amusing. However, he can now report that he was completely taken in by the producers' pessimism—a pessimism which is habitual with their kind. The quality of the acting, direction and production was high enough to entertain and entertain very well indeed.

I needn't spend time or space to tell you the story of either of the two plays. I am in the fortunate position of being able to assume that all my readers know them. The central figure of Hassan in the first play was performed exceptionally well by Eliot I. His rich rolling speeches, I must confess, sounded familiar at times, especially one beginning, "Oh cruel destiny" which I recognized as the one which had come pounding through my floor of a January afternoon and which had kept me from the arms of Morpheus. I must hasten to add, however, that Eliot's ability and mastery of it more than compensated for the disturbance he had caused me. Fischel, who shared the opening scene with him, proved to be the surprise of the evening. His expressive face, his vivid pantomime made it difficult to recognize in the shiftless Arab I had before me, the imperturbable and languid mathematician of my Form IV class. This first scene was disturbed mysteriously by the strange and, I suspect, premature, appearance of Price II's bare midriff. This latter in his role of Yasmin—"the fair and somewhat dubious Yasmin" in Shenstone's words—was both alluring and so competent that it was possible to compare him favorably with no less a person than Marlene Dietrich.

It is impossible to pay tribute adequately to everybody in a review as short as this. Read's and Fleck's rages,

as Chiefs of the Police and Military respectively, shall make me beware of them in my Physics classes; the appearance of MacGregor was as dazzling on stage as it is wont to be in ordinary life; Castello's wonderful Babylonian arrogance, those lackadaisical beggars, Eliot II and Smith III, (Mr. Cranston informs me that it took no effort on the part of the pair to play these parts), Pegram's proficient sword handling, Macpherson's suave bribe-taking and Hooper's noble handling of the role of a poet, all contrived to make the play an experience which more than satisfied. The only adverse criticism I can reproach the players with is that we in the audience, particularly in the first two scenes, experienced some difficulty in hearing the words of the players. However, the volume of their diction improved considerably towards the end of the play.

In *Shall We Join the Ladies?*, we had a swifter and more highly organized piece of writing. The setting was, paradoxically, more elaborate than the oriental phantasy which preceded it. Shenstone's part was the key one and he handled it most professionally indeed. I think Birchwood's playing of the moronic Mr. Preen deserves praise—no one was unkind enough to remark that Birchwood was especially qualified for the role. Pilgrim as a dumb waiter (no pun intended), Nelles as Sir Joseph, Sablin as a splendid mustachioed and enamoured captain, Matthews as an irritated suspect, Smith I as the frightened Mr. Vaile, plus numerous beautiful and competent damsels whose names are unfortunately unknown to me, contrived to make this play move glibly and smoothly towards its mystifying end. As to who murdered Sam Smith's brother or as to whether Barrie ever intended to conclude the play, these are mysteries within a mystery. Your

reporter questioned the wise and resourceful Sam Smith on these scores and, as even he was unable to throw any light upon them, nothing surely can be expected of this column.

DEBATING SOCIETY

THE first meeting of the Society was held on the 28th of October. Mr. Newton very kindly agreed to act as adviser to the Society, and the following officers were elected: President, Shenstone; Vice-President, Matthews; Secretary, Eliot I. In order to increase interest in the Society, it was decided to hold the first debate on a secret motion, which would not be known even to the main speakers until the beginning of the meeting.

The second meeting of the Society was accordingly held on the tenth of November. The motion, which was to be moved by the President and opposed by the Vice-President, was announced by the Headmaster: "In the opinion of this House, poetry is the useless product of useless people." This was a spirited and interesting debate, and almost everyone present spoke; in addition to the Mover and the Opposer, these were the following: the Headmaster, Holmes, Pilgrim, Hooper, the Secretary, Smith III, Sablin and Gardner. The motion was lost by seven votes to five. After the voting Mr. Newton gave us some valuable advice on improving our public speaking.

The third meeting of the Society was held on the sixteenth of January. The motion, moved by Mingie and opposed by the Secretary, was: "In the opinion of this House, the study of Latin in schools should be abolished." There were not very many speakers from the floor, and, as Mr. Cranston said, many of them were prejudiced, but the attendance was large (sixteen) and the

I am sure both players and audience would join with me in paying tribute to the exhausted producers, Mr. Belcher and Mr. Archdale, who managed to do so well despite so many technical handicaps.

quality of the speeches unusually high. The motion was carried by ten votes to six. The following spoke from the floor: the President, the Vice-President, Holmes, Feuche, Gault, and Castle.

The fourth meeting of the Society took place on the seventeenth of February. The motion, which had been suggested by Mr. Cranston at the previous meeting, was: "In the opinion of this House, the voting age should be reduced to eighteen." It was moved by Birchwood and opposed by Mingie. Once again great interest was taken by those present; there was only one noticeable fault, the tendency to repetition, which, however, even better-known speakers than the students of Ashbury might do well to avoid. Mr. Cranston, the Officers, Feuche, Smith I, Sablin, Keyes, and Price I spoke from the floor. The motion was defeated by eight votes to four. Several subjects for the next meeting were then suggested by Mr. Newton, and the one chosen was: "In the opinion of this House, civilization is retrogressing."

This motion was debated at the final meeting of the Society, on the twentieth of April. The Mover was Pettigrew, the Opposer Holmes. After a lengthy but varied debate which, in the words of Mr. Cranston, was on a high intellectual plane, the motion was carried by ten votes to three. Other speakers were: Mr. Cranston, the President, Castle, Price II, Keyes, Castello, and Bilderbeck. Although it was hoped that another meeting could be held, it was impossible to do so.

ANNUAL DANCE

THE School Dance was held on the night of May 12th. The valiant hordes of decorators laboured far on into several consecutive nights in order that the gym should be finished. In this respect thanks are due to Richardson and Mingie, for they were the guiding lights of the organization.

When we came to the gym we were met by the Headmaster and Mrs. Archdale, Pilgrim and Miss Jean Miller. Departing from tradition, the orchestra arrived in one piece and we were able to get under way fairly quickly. For some hours various types of music poured forth varying from sweet to hot and loud to soft.

Then at 11 o'clock came the rush for supper. Mrs. Arnold had organized the whole thing excellently and we must not forget to thank her.

Following is the story of one of the young ladies at the dance:—

"Asthe day of the Ashbury dance drew nearer the excitement in Rockcliffe rose in intensity. For some of the younger girls it was especially exciting as this was to be their first formal dance.

At last the great day arrived. For some of us the evening started with a delicious dinner given by David Matthews at the Chelsea Club. It was indeed a very pleasant beginning for a delightful evening.

On arriving at Ashbury the girls were shepherded upstairs to take off their coats. Each girl had pinned to her dress a rosette of the Ashbury colours. These not only made colorful ornaments but also provided us with

souvenirs. Satisfied that we looked our best we all trooped downstairs where we were joined by our escorts and led to the gym which was cheerfully decorated with streamers, flags and crests. Mr. and Mrs. Archdale, Edwin Pilgrim and Jean Miller graciously received us at the door. The orchestra was very fine even without the pianist, although it was improved with his arrival. The tunes they chose were varied to suit every taste. During the evening there was a spotlight dance and an elimination dance which were a lot of fun. We had a delicious supper at about 11 o'clock consisting of sandwiches, cakes and cookies of every description and two kinds of refreshing drinks.

Before we realized it, it was 12.30. The dance to which we had all been looking forward was over. But, as always, time goes most quickly when one is having a good time as I am sure everyone was. We hope that when once again Ashbury's gym is decorated in preparation for the dance the boys will not forget us."



G. F.

BRIDGE CLUB

IN the first term a new enthusiasm—one might almost call it a fad—arose among the Seniors: the playing of bridge. In a few weeks, under the leadership of Gordie Read, a Bridge Club was formed, with about twelve ardent members.

The first meeting of the Club was held in Mr. Brain's house, to elect officers and decide upon policy. The following officers were elected: President, Read; Vice-President, Elliott III; Secretary, Matthews; Registrar, Mingie. We decided to have meetings every two weeks on Saturday nights, and agreed

upon our only rule—no talking during the playing of a hand. The Club continued to flourish, and regular meetings were held at which everyone had a good time and, we hope, improved his bridge.

We would like to thank Mr. Brain very much for his continual help and assistance to the Club. We would also like to thank the following for their hospitality in inviting us to their homes: Mr. and Mrs. Brain (twice); Mr. and Mrs. Read (twice); Dr. and Mrs. Hooper (twice); Admiral and Mrs. Nelles; Mrs. Matthews; and Mrs. Eliot.

"PANORAMA"

PANORAMA", though it has now been in existence for quite a while, has never so far been mentioned in any detail in the Ashburian, so we thought we ought to tell you something about it.

"Panorama" was founded on the fifteenth of February, 1942, by Daniel Farson and Anthony West, two Abinger boys who have since returned to England. It was originally intended to give Ashbury a summary of the latest war news, and at first it was published several times a week. Later, however, it met financial troubles, its publication became weekly, and gradually more school news crept in, until now "Panorama" is principally a bulletin of school activities and thought, with editorial comment on foreign affairs and topics of national interest. Past editors, in addition to the founders, have been Michael Ney, Ray Boutin, John Hooper and Michael Shenstone, all of whom, so they tell us, aged greatly in the process. Under their guidance the paper, a typewritten sheet (or sheets)

printed, with the kind permission of the School, on the school mimeograph machine, has come to be quite influential; on Monday mornings there is a mad rush at the circulation manager to see who is the latest person to get labelled in its pages.

As readers of this magazine may observe, a fair amount of the Ashburian's news material, and some of the literary work, is taken from the pages of "Panorama". The paper is run entirely by the boys, and has no direct link with the School. In return for the use of its material, the Ashburian has granted "Panorama" advertising space—there comes a plaintive request from the harassed editors of the "rag", as it is sometimes called, to please read the advertisement. John Pettigrew has been elected "Panorama" 's editor for next year, and with financial problems almost settled and a growing reputation, "Panorama" will, we hope, continue to make progress in prosperity and quality.

MUSIC

ACOURSE in Music Appreciation was introduced during the past year to the Junior boys of Ashbury College.

The aim of these classes is :

- (a) to encourage the students to enjoy fine music by learning to listen intelligently;
- (b) to guide the forming of taste for good music;
- (c) to develop keenness of perception in discovering the first principles of rhythm, the relationship of harmony and melody,

and the sounds of musical instruments;

- (d) to give a brief history of the various composers and the periods in which they lived.

This was a beginning, and it is hoped that it will be further developed next year. Seven Ashbury boys took part in Miss Woodburn's Annual Recital at the Chateau Laurier on June 2nd and showed they had been well taught. Her efforts with classes were also successful and very encouraging.

RUGBY FOOTBALL 1944-1945

FIRST XII COLOURS : E. Pilgrim

P. Richardson

R. Sablin

H. Price

P. Daniels

Rugby Characters

E. B. PILGRIM—Captain—3rd year: Flying Wing. A valuable ball-carrier, whether around the end or through the line: has developed into a very useful secondary defence man. As Captain, inspired his team with enthusiasm, both on and off the field, and was most helpful in all matters of organization.

P. W. RICHARDSON—Vice-Captain—3rd year: Halfback: a strong player and end-runner who did a large share of the ball-carrying, in addition to the majority of the punting: a good tackler and pass-receiver and defender: led the team well in the captain's absence.

R. V. SABLIN—3rd year: Outside: Uses

THE season of 1944 began with great promise and high hopes. There was a large turnout, and we had an experienced nucleus from the previous year and some promising recruits. Unfortunately the promise and hopes were not fulfilled. All through the season the team played well defensively, but lacked offensive power as is shown by the scores. The ball was repeatedly taken up the field, no matter who the opponents were, but the final step over the line seemed very hard to make. There was much keenness shown in all squads, and Mr. Brain gave a tremendous amount of time, and spent a great deal of energy and enthusiasm in coaching the team. Next year let's hope for a change of luck assisted by extra-valiant efforts by the team.



BACK Row:—W. Schroeder; A. D. Brain, Esq.; M. Gault, J. Smith; J. Fleck; F. Mingie; J. Hooper; P. Breithaupt; I. MacGregor; R. Shaw; L. Hamilton; B. Castle; W. Nelles; J. Elliott; D. Hall; G. Fischel; R. Thomas; R. Sablin; R. Richardson, (Vice-Capt.); E. Pilgrim, (Capt.); P. Daniels; H. Price.

his speed to great advantage to get down under kicks, tackles strongly and has a safe pair of hands: took out his man well on end run formations.

H. W. PRICE—3rd year: Quarterback: A good, daring man to buck, who is also capable of making useful distance on his own: a strong tackler on the secondary, and always in the thick of the game.

R. THOMAS—4th year: Flying Wing: Developed rapidly into a sound all-round half: made ground quickly around the ends and plunged strongly: placed himself well to receive passes and was very good as catching half.

P. DANIELS—3rd year: Inside: His blocking and tackling were of very high order: made excellent interference for his ball carriers.

SMITH—2nd year: Outside: A keen tackler with a useful turn of speed: got under kicks very well but must realize that his blocking is very important also.

ELLIOTT III—1st year: Halfback: An extremely effective tackler who showed great keenness throughout the season: a neat ball handler who showed progressive improvement throughout the season.

MINGIE—1st year: Middle: A good blocker, who uses his weight effectively in tackling on the secondary. His ball carrying might have been much better had he timed his plays: also a useful passer and kicker.

HAMILTON—2nd year: Middle: A very good plunger and blocker who also played solidly on the defensive: his loss with an injury was a decided blow to the team.

CASTLE—1st year: Quarterback: showed considerable promise as a caller of plays and tackled amazingly well for his size.

MACGREGOR—1st year: Snap: Although knowing nothing about this position, he developed into quite a good snap: but needs more judgment in tackling and blocking on the line.

BREITHAUPT—1st year: Inside: Strong and willing in both blocking and tackling but must learn to think under fire.

GAULT—1st year: Outside: A strong tackler who uses his head on the defensive: a fair blocker but should learn to get up under the kicks a little more.

HALL—1st year: Inside: Used his blocking and tackling to good advantage: but needs to develop speed and to think about the game a little more.

HOOPER — 1st year: Middle: An extremely keen bucker who played his best all the way: but needs more judgment in tackling.

NELLES—1st year: Inside: A fair blocker but should use his weight to greater advantage when tackling and making holes in the line.

SCHROEDER—1st year: Outside: A keen tackler who used his speed to good advantage but must develop his pass receiving and blocking on the line.

SHAW I — 1st year: Halfback: A good tackler and blocker who used his sense on the defensive: would be a good ball carrier if he would plunge straighter and faster.

FISCHER—1st year: Flying Wing: A determined tackler who used his speed to good advantage. But his ball carrying needs a great deal of attention.

MCBRIDE—1st year: Outside: A keen tackler. But should use his speed

more on the line and must put some thought to his blocking and pass receiving.

FIRST XII vs. LISGAR JUNIORS

Sept. 26, 1945 Tie 0 - 0

Our first rugby game of the season against Lisgar Juniors resulted in a scoreless tie.

We had the balance of weight but were slower than our opponents. Considering that we had had only one full kit practice beforehand, we made an excellent showing.

Lisgar kicked off, a see-saw battle had started, and soon we were being pushed to our goal line. The line held and they were unable to score. During this period much rough play ensued. A determined drive put us on the Lisgar 25 yard line where an attempted placement was blocked.

When the second half opened Lisgar received and soon we were back on our 25. Lisgar kicked, but Thomas made a beautiful run from behind the goal line to the 20. The game went from one end to the other. On the last play Elliott III stopped a Lisgar ball carried on our 10 after he made a spectacular run.

FIRST XII vs. NEPEAN

Oct. 12, 1945 Tie 1 - 1

In this game the two teams were very evenly matched, and much good play was observed.

For the first three periods the game was a see-saw battle with neither side scoring. However, when the fourth



quarter opened Nepean scored a rouge. Soon Richardson, however, scored a rouge for Ashbury. When the game ended the score was still tied 1-1

FIRST XII vs. BISHOP'S COLLEGE

Oct. 20, 1945 Tie 1-1

On October 20th the first team set out for its annual encounter with B. C. S. Pilgrim, our Captain, was unable to play because of injury to his arm. The weather seemed to promise clear skies but we were deceived. Arriving in Montreal we spent the night at the Windsor and journeyed on to Sherbrooke in the morning. But now rain began to fall and muttered words could be heard from our compartments.

Arriving at Bishops we were treated to a sumptuous lunch, the game starting about 2 p.m. in a sea of mud.

For the first quarter our team pressed hard and gained quite a few first downs. Soon after the quarter opened Richardson kicked for one point.

During the next quarter we pressed hard and things were going pretty well. However in the last half Harry Price tore the ligaments in his left foot. Unfortunately we were unable to take him back to Ottawa and thanks to the kindness of Bishops he stayed in the infirmary. Soon after the last quarter opened Bishops were going strong and after marching up the field, on the last play of the game, Whelan kicked for one point, thus tying the score.

FIRST XII vs. NEPEAN

Oct. 26, 1945 Lost 7-17

This game was played at Nepean and was our first defeat of the season. Nepean played 10 yard interference which combined with their speed and weight gave them a large advantage.

In the first half Nepean scored 11 points to Ashbury's 2. In the third quarter Richardson scored off a fake kick and made the score 11-7, Nepean scored again in the fourth to make the final score 17-7.

1ST XII vs. SHERBROOKE HIGH SCHOOL

Nov. 3, 1945 Lost 1-5

In the opening quarter Sherbrooke got off to a quick start using their line bucks. In the face of this determined onslaught our lighter line was pushed back to our own 15 yard stripe, where a pass over the centre of the line was completed and a touchdown was scored. The convert, however, was unsuccessful.

After this our team came to its senses, and proceeded to march up and down the field driving our opponents before. But somehow the team lacked the scoring punch. Eventually Richardson kicked over the goal line and Sab. in tackled for one point.

When the second half commenced, we got off to a good start and again proceeded to show our capabilities. But once more we were unable to gain a major score. With three downs to go and in striking position on the Sher-



brooke goal we could not get across. Several times the team was in this situation but it could not seemingly be remedied, and when the final whistle went the score was 5 - 1 in favour of Sherbrooke.

Mingie, Richardson and Sablin deserve to be mentioned for their sterling work, both in offence and defence.

1ST XII VS. LOWER CANADA COLLEGE
Nov. 4, 1945 Lost 10 - 14

Faced with the task of overcoming a heavier team we settled down to some excellent football in the first quarter. In spite of all attempts to prevent them L.C.C. scored two converted touchdowns and one rouge in this period. After this we threatened several times, but seemed incapable of giving that last heave to get the ball over the line. Our passing was very good and we gained more first downs than L.C.C. in spite of their advantage in weight. As usual we did not show

our real power until the second half and by then it was too late. When the whistle went to end play the score was in favour of L.C.C., but the game was not as lopsided as the score showed.

VERSUS LOWER CANADA COLLEGE
Nov. 10, 1945 Lost 2 - 8

L.C.C. came up to play us a return match on November 10th. It was a good up and down game, Ashbury playing better than they had done in Montreal. After three - quarter time neither side had made a major score and L.C.C. were leading by 2 - 1, largely as a result of fine kicking by their back. Ten minutes from time a kick by Mingie was blocked and L.C.C. scored a touch-down and converted. Ashbury fought desperately to recover the ground lost, but only managed to score one point from a kick by Richardson, leaving the final score in favour of L.C.C.

SOCER 1944-1945

1ST XI COLOURS : P. W. Richardson
R. V. Sablin
S. Pegram
J. Smith
W. Eliot

THE season was quite successful, but for the first time for some years there was a shortage of players. As usual the Rugby Team needed several, and there were not so many replacements as usual. However, we produced a team to play A.F.H.Q. at the beginning of the season, while the Headmaster was away ill, unable to coach. A good fight was put up against more experienced opponents. Against L.C.C.

we had a very weakened team, several regular seasoned members being absent, but we managed to win by 2 - 0, both scored by a typical captain's effort by Richardson.

I hope that now that I am leaving, Soccer will not die out, aided by the insidious propaganda one hears far too often. There is room for both codes if they will co-operate. Anyway good luck to future Ashbury Teams.



BACK Row:—M. Shenstone; I. Elliott; N. Bilderbeck; G. Read; G. Grove.

SEATED:—J. Smith; R. Sablin; P. Richardson; S. Pegram; W. Eliot.

SEATED ON FLOOR:—H. Dreyfus; B. Castle.

SOCCER CHARACTERS

RICHARDSON—Captain. Played a brilliant game throughout the season, and encouraged and led his team to become a successful working unit.

SABLIN—Vice-Captain. Though lacking in practice showed his usual steady, sometimes brilliant capabilities in goal.

PEGRAM—Left Half. Possessed a very strong clearing kick and proved himself to be of invaluable use to the team.

SMITH I—Left Back. Played a clean rugged game on the defensive and although hampered by an old knee injury, his keenness and determination inspired the team and paid great dividends.

ELIOT I—Left Wing. Inclined to unnecessary trickiness and on occasion carried the ball too far up the field; however his centres set up many scoring opportunities.

READ—Right Half. A fast, hard-working and reliable half-back; could be more constructive.

SHENSTONE—A plucky 1st year man who showed great promise throughout the season; showed his mettle in the L.C.C. game.

BILDERBECK—Right Back. Possessed a strong right leg and used it to good advantage. He should develop into a good all-round man.

ELLIOTT III—Right Wing. Used his speed and strength to good advantage

by carrying the ball deep into enemy territory and then passing. Elliott and Richardson combined on numerous spectacular combinations.

GROVE—A very clever forward, handicapped as yet by his size. Should be a fine player as he develops.

CASTLE—Centre Half. Although hindered by his size he played a good offensive and defensive game and showed a fine sense of position.

DREYFUS—Showed knowledge of the game and ball control but lacked dash and determination.

NESBITT—Developed into a useful winger, should be very good next year.

"B" TEAM VS. SEDBERGH JUNIORS

The Ashbury "B" team composed largely of Juniors journeyed to Montebello to play Sedbergh Juniors on Thursday, October 19th. Arriving about 10 o'clock, we were very hospitably entertained, and shown the school and neighbouring country. The game started after lunch at 2.30 p.m.

Ashbury were facing the wind and uphill during the first half.

The game was rather scrappy at first, with a good deal of muddling, largely because players wouldn't keep their places. Although Sedbergh had more of the game, Ashbury forced several corners and had many scoring chances. Dobbs scored for Sedbergh from a free kick against Ashbury for a barge in the back. There was no further score this half. Smith III at centre-half was a tower of strength, Hummel steady at left-back, and Grant I worked hard.

After half-time Ashbury put on almost continual pressure, swarming round the Sedbergh goal, but a stout defence and weak finishing by the for-

wards prevented any scoring till ten minutes from time when Heney scored from a centre by Grant II. There was no further score, even though extra time 5 minutes each way was played. The football was better in the second half, and some good combination shown at times. More ball control and steadiness in front of goal by Ashbury would have brought victory.

TEAM : Darby, Hummel (Capt.), Macdonald, Harvey-Smith, Smith III, Mansur, Grant I, Smith IV, Heney II, Grant II, Knott, Cray played 2nd half instead of Knott.

UNDER 15 VS. LOWER CANADA COLLEGE

With only two members remaining from last year the under 15 went down to Montreal to play L.C.C. and Selwyn House.

During the first half Ashbury had the wind and the sun behind them, and the team made good use of these advantages. After eight minutes of play Grove scored. For the next few minutes the game was very even and the ball shot from end to end of the field. Dreyfus and Smith set up a combination from which Grove scored again. Almost immediately Grove scored his third goal. After this there was no more scoring in the half.

After half time L.C.C. put on the pressure and pinned our team in its own half. After five minutes Bell scored for L.C.C. Ashbury became somewhat disorganized and generally were outplayed, but thanks to the stalwart work of Castle and Hummel in the defence the score remained 3-1.

UNDER 15 VS. SELWYN HOUSE

On Saturday, October 14th, under adverse weather conditions, the annual match with Selwyn House was played.



BACK ROW:—J. Nesbitt; H. Dreyfus; D. Hummel; G. Grove; E. Castello.
 SEATED:—R. Darby; G. Grant; B. Castle, Capt.; Harvey Smith; Wm. Grant
 SEATED ON FLOOR:—P. Smith; A. Smith.

Play during the first half was scrappy owing to the heaviness of the ball. Selwyn House pressed hard but were unable to score, thanks to Hummel and Castle.

After the change of ends Ashbury put on the pressure and held Selwyn House in their own end. Time had all but elapsed when Castle scored on a long shot, thus winning the game and giving Ashbury possession of the Fraser cup for the third year running.

1ST XI vs. R.C.A.F.—LISGAR
 Lost 1-5

On September 27 our soccer squad played the Air Force team, losing by the score of 5-1. The game was well

played in the first half, but immediately after the second half commenced our team temporarily went to pieces thus enabling Air Force to ram home their attack. George Grove scored the lone goal for our side. Dim Sablin starred in goal, stopping many difficult shots.

"A" XI vs. 1ST XI SEDBERGH

On October 6 our "A" XI played Sedbergh on their own ground. Sedbergh opened the scoring, but Eliot I soon countered, and a few minutes later scored again off a penalty kick from Read. Just before the half ended Sedbergh scored again to tie the score.

When the 2nd half opened Ashbury started to press and Read and Grant I

scored. However with two minutes to go Sedbergh rapped home two goals and again tied the score.

At the beginning of the over time Fischel scored, but Sedbergh again matched us and the final score was 5-5.

"B" XI vs. SEDBERGH JUNIORS

Draw 1 - 1

During the first half Ashbury had the wind and the slope against them. Ashbury was playing a very scrappy game because of excessive muddling, but the team managed to force several corners. Ashbury incurred a penalty kick from which Dobbs of Sedbergh scored. After this there was no further score in the half.

Ashbury maintained a close pressure in the second half but there was also a strong Sedbergh defence. But Heney scored on a centre from Grant II. Even after over time there was no further score. Smith III, Hummel and Grant I played very well for Ashbury.

"A" TEAM VS. SEDBERGH

Won 4 - 1

The return match was played at Ashbury on 12th October under fine weather conditions.

In the first half Ashbury pressed right from the start, and after three minutes of good play Nesbitt gave a good centre to Grove who drove it home. Twenty minutes later Dreyfus scored on a pass from Read.

The play became more even in the second half. Soon after it opened Read scored from a penalty kick. Dreyfus scored again twenty minutes later on a centre from Grant. Now Sedbergh began to press and Drummond scored after twenty-seven minutes of play. Ashbury was looking dangerous in the last minutes of play.

Outstanding for Ashbury were Read, Grant, Pegram and Grove. Grove unfortunately had to leave the field after the first half, and his place was taken by Fischel.

HOCKEY 1945

COLOURS: E. B. Pilgrim
G. Read
I. Elliott

THE Hockey season was disappointing. With some promising additions and most of last year's squad still here, we hoped for a better season than the previous year. Unfortunately our hopes were not fulfilled. In spite of Bill Touhey's efforts as coach, the team as a whole never got going and suffered several severe defeats in practice games that should have been if not victories, at any rate close. Man for man we had the skating ability, the hockey experience of our opponents, but we couldn't produce it at the same time, and got disheartened. Consequently when B.C.S. came to play us we were beaten before we started and they won easily 7 - 0. The following week in Montreal, we played L.C.C., and here at last, for most of the game, was what we had been looking for, a hard fighting, hard skating hockey team. We gave them a very good game, and but for the fact that we presented them with three of their four goals, and had to earn all our three, the score might not have been 4 - 3 in L.C.C.'s favour.

The Housematches, as usual, were well fought and produced the best hockey of the year in at least the first game. Connaught won two straight games and thus the points towards the Wilson shield, though Woolcombe were handicapped by injuries.



G. F.

Characters

THOMAS — Captain. A very valuable member of the team, he did not drive his men, nor hold them together sufficiently as captain.

PILGRIM — Vice-Captain. A very fine skater, he lacked imagination and variety in his attack and is still a weak shot, handicapped by a shoulder injury in football.

READ — A dangerous forward. He improved considerably, and had he been able to play against B. C. S. and been fit against L.C.C., would have made a big difference.

ELLIOTT III — A very hard working forward who tried right to the end, but was inclined to be over-anxious at crucial moments.

SABLIN — Disappointing. He suffered greatly from lack of confidence this year, and thus affected the team.

PRICE I — A very useful if sometimes rash defence man, who would have been more valuable had he played more regularly.

MINGIE — A good skater and experienced hockey player who never settled down to play the game he was obviously capable of playing. Seemed reluctant to use his weight fully.

BREITHAUPT — Seemed to lack confidence this year and rely entirely on

a poke-check. He must go right at his man in order to stop him.

HALL—A hard skating forward, who did not fulfil his early promise. Should use his brains more when attacking.

MCBRIDE—A very plucky defence man who always went hard. He should improve his skating.

RICHARDSON—His rapid advance of last year was not continued. His skating is still very weak. He improved in the latter half of the season.

BIRCHWOOD—Manager. When he learnt what was expected of him, he did a very useful job.



BACK Row:—P. Richardson (inset); M. Birchwood, (Manager); N. M. Archdale, Esq.; G. Read (inset).
 P. Breithaupt; D. Hall; F. Mingie; J. McBride; H. Price; R. Thomas, (Capt.); R. Sablin; E. Pilgrim; I. Elliott.



BACK ROW:—H. Price; M. Gault; F. Mingie; N. Bilderbeck; J. Hooper; W. Eliot; P. Breithaupt.
SEATED:—E. Pilgrim; R. Sablin; P. Richardson, (Capt.); G. Read; J. Smith.

J. Pettigrew.

CRICKET

COLOURS :

P. Richardson
R. Sablin
J. Smith
E. Pilgrim

2ND XI CAPS : with Crest, as Members of 1st XI :

Mingie
Bilderbeck
Breithaupt
Gault
Hooper

ASHBURY began the season of 1945 with seven of the team of 1944 remaining, and promising new material. The loss of Harben and Chapman affected our batting seriously, but the bowling was more than adequate. Richardson was re-elected Captain, and Sablin was elected Vice-Captain. Besides these good all-rounders, we had Read and Pilgrim, slow and medium-pace bowlers respectively, Smith who again kept wicket, and a fairly good fielding side.

With high hopes, therefore, although

miserable weather had hampered practice, we played Defence C.C. at Rideau Hall on May 12th. Ashbury batted first and made the very respectable score of 131 for 4 wickets. Richardson compiled a fine 68 not out, and Sablin 27. However, we failed to retire Defence, who made 94 for 7, before stumps were drawn, and the game was drawn.

In the match against New Edinburgh C.C. a week later, Ashbury did well to dismiss their opponents for 89, but failed wretchedly with the bat, getting

only 37 runs, of which Price I, the eleventh man, made 10. On May 26th we played Cathedral C.C. at Rideau Hall. Cathedral batted first and made 148, of which a brilliant performance by Lieut.-Comdr. Delany, who was caught when only one short of a century, was the outstanding feature. Again our batsmen failed, the score reaching only 56, with Mingie and Smith getting 15 and 11. Read took the bowling honours of the day with 5 wickets for 25 runs.

Not in the least disheartened by these two defeats, the team went to Lennoxville to play B.C.S. The latter batted first, but, against the superb bowling of Richardson and Pilgrim, they were able to reach only 32 runs. Ashbury's runs came very slowly, and the last wicket fell for 61 runs, with no batsman making double figures. However, B.C.S. could only put together 28 in their second innings, giving them a total score of 60, leaving Ashbury the winners by an innings and 1 run. Great praise goes to Richardson and Pilgrim for their bowling on what was admittedly a very difficult wicket, the former taking 15 wickets for 22 runs, giving him the extraordinary average of 1.5. This was in many ways as overwhelming a victory as the one scored in 1944. As L.C.C. did not enter a team this year, it gained us the Championship of the Triangular Tournament for the third time in four years.

Characters

P. RICHARDSON — Captain — 4th year. Colours 1943. A fine Captain and a good all-rounder, who deserved more runs than he made, but still finished at the head of the batting averages: an excellent slow-medium right-hand bowler, who keeps a perfect length: a very reliable fielder.

R. SABLIN — Vice-Captain — 3rd year. Colours 1944. A safe field in the gully, a useful but erratic medium-pace right-hand bowler and a punishing batsman who should develop greater patience.

J. SMITH — 2nd year. Colours 1945. A really excellent wicket-keeper who is also a most stylish and attractive batsman.

E. PILGRIM — 3rd year. Colours 1945. A good medium-paced bowler who developed his length and sting as the season advanced: should watch the ball more closely when batting: an excellent mid-off or long-field.

READ — 2nd year. A slow bowler who can always be relied on in an emergency: fields well, but needs to improve his batting.

ELIOT I — 2nd year. A left-hand batsman who improved steadily: a safe field at extra-cover or deep mid-wicket.

PRICE I — 3rd year. A very good field at mid-on: his batting showed consistent progress.

MINGIE — 1st year. Although new to the game, he showed very great promise in all departments and made some useful runs.

BILDERBECK — 1st year. A potentially useful opening batsman, but should improve his fielding and throwing.

BREITHAUPP — 1st year. Should learn to play a straight bat and keep the ball down: a good field.

GAULT — 1st year. A stubborn bat, but erratic at times in the field.

HOOPER — 1st year. A promising left-hand bat, and a safe if somewhat slow fielder.

HOUSE MATCHES

In the House Games, Woolcombe again just beat Connaught on the two

innings by 11 runs. In the first innings, Woolcombe scored 88 to Connaught's 73, with Smith I and Castle of Woollcombe, and Price I, Sablin and Robertson of Connaught all reaching double figures. Smith and Richardson were the best bowlers, each with an average of 3.3.

The second innings was featured by the most successful bowling of Grant I of Connaught, who took five good wickets, including those of Smith and Pilgrim, who made 26 and 13 respec-

tively. Connaught was set a total of 90 to win, and almost reached this score, Sablin and Richardson making 27 and 23 not out.

The experiment of playing House 2nd XI Matches simultaneously with the 1st teams was tried this year, and proved decidedly successful. The standard of play in the intermediate section was not as high as in previous years, but there was a noticeable increase in enthusiasm towards the end of the season. This augurs well for future years.

VERSUS BISHOP'S COLLEGE SCHOOL: at Lennoxville: June 2nd.

B. C. S.

1ST INNINGS

Day, b. Pilgrim.....	0
Ford, c. Read, b. Pilgrim	0
Price J. W., b. Richardson.....	14
Satterthwaite P. R., b. Richardson.....	3
Sewell (captain), b. Richardson.....	6
Gault, b. Richardson.....	0
Cox, b. Richardson.....	3
Pitfield, b. Richardson.....	0
Price H. L., not out.....	2
Satterthwaite W., b. Richardson.....	0
Bennett, b. Richardson.....	0
Extras.....	4
TOTAL.....	32
Richardson: 8 for 12	
Pilgrim: 2 for 16	

2ND INNINGS

Day, b. Richardson.....	14
Ford, b. Richardson.....	1
Satterthwaite P. R., b. Pilgrim.....	1
Price J. W., c. Smith, b. Richardson.....	1
Sewell (captain), b. Richardson.....	0
Gault, b. Richardson.....	0
Cox, b. Richardson.....	2
Pitfield, c. Price I, b. Pilgrim.....	0
Price H. L., c. Price I, b. Pilgrim.....	1
Satterthwaite W., not out.....	6
Bennett, b. Richardson.....	0
Extras.....	2
TOTAL.....	28
Richardson: 7 for 10	
Pilgrim: 3 for 16	

FIRST XI AVERAGES

BATTING

	Total No. of Runs	No. of Innings	Times Not Out	Highest Score	Average
Richardson ..	76	4	1	68*	25.3
Sablin.....	44	4	1	27	14.6
Smith I	32	4	1	11	10.6

BOWLING

	Overs	Maidens	Runs	Wkts.	Average
Richardson ..	49	8	113	24	4.7
Read	15	..	72	10	7.2
Sablin.....	15	..	65	5	13.0
Pilgrim	33	2	116	7	16.5

BOXING

IT is now safe to say that Boxing has again gained a strong foothold among School activities. Since 1943 classes have been held regularly in the gym, and although we had a meagre turn-out during the middle of 1944, classes have increased in size and so by the end of 1945 they reached a very high standard of ability.

Mr. Glossop, our instructor, should receive all the credit for having achieved so much in the little time offered him by his keenness and interest in the class. He again arranged a tournament with the Y.M.C.A. and R.A. clubs. This show was held in February at the Y.M.C.A. The School entered a six man team with weights ranging from 90 to 165 lbs. Although some of the boys were perhaps slightly overmatched we did very well in winning 3 of the 6 bouts.

- 90 lbs. Munroe (St. Pats.) defeated T. Kenny (Ash.) decision.
- 115 lbs. B. Castle (Ash.) defeated E. Laliberty ("Y") decision.
- 120 lbs. R. Patterson (Ash.) defeated Lowery (St. Pats.) decision.
- Tomkins (St. Pats.) defeated H. Dreyfus (Ash.) K.O.
- R. Richeson (St. Pats.) defeated J. F. Smith (Ash.) K.O.
- R. Sablin (Ash.) defeated J. Orosy (R.A.) K.O.

Altogether our effort was rated very highly by the local critics.

In May of 1945 we held our class finals and although we had some difficulty in matching the boys, a very enjoyable show was presented to the public.

There were three Junior Heavy-weight bouts. In the first Knott defeated Smith IV; in the second Foran defeated McCordick, and in the third and last Grant II showed skill and dash in defeating Mulligan who nevertheless showed great gameness, and by this won the Patterson Cup.

In an excellent and exciting bout Parsons defeated Wetlaufer for the Chester-Master cup and the Junior Lightweight Championship.

In the Senior Lightweight Class, Castle was too experienced for Scott, really an intermediate, and won the Fauquier Cup, despite the the plucky efforts of his opponent.

A surprise was provided by Smith III in defeating Kenny in the Intermediate Lightweight Classes in a good bout. Darby showed aggressiveness in defeating Naylor I in the Intermediate Heavy-weight Class and Patterson in winning the Intermediate Heavyweight from Zilberg showed sufficient skill to be awarded the Ringcraft Cup for the best boxing of the evening. Finally, Sablin retained his hold on the Senior Heavy-weight Championship by a technical knock-out over Smith I, whose eyes were affected by a head blow in the first round. The officials are to be congratulated on the smooth running of the



G. F.

tournament and the boys on the showing they put up.

Finally, as I pass out of the school I should like to thank Mr. Glossop on behalf of all the boys for the keen, kind and patient interest he has shown towards us.

I should like to thank the boys who have done so much to get boxing back on its feet; and I feel sure that next year with John Smith taking over the presidency of the club, it will continue to flourish and achieve great things.

R.V.S.

SKIING REVIEW

THIS year two ski teams were formed with Harry Price as captain. The teams entered the contest for the Ault Trophy at Camp Fortune, the one for the Dunning Trophy at Montebello, and visited Sedbergh School at Montebello for a ski-meet.

All in all the results were not too

bad and among the younger members there was definite promise of good skiing to come if they keep up the good work.

The following skied for the First Team in various events: H. Price, A. Price, A. Holmes, T. Brown, J. Fleck, R. Sablin, D. Gardner.

THROUGH THE YEARS

This Sounds Familiar

Three Old Boys (Harold Cave, "Dobs" de Bury, and Jack Hodgson) came up from Montreal, Saturday, February 23rd, and, with three Old Boys from Ottawa, they made up a team for the seniors.

Maurice Taschereau put on the goal pads for them, and he made a good job of it. They put up a fine game, considering that they had not had any practice together.

Library Notes

Our library at Ashbury is not a large one, and many of the books that we have are almost worn out. New books are much wanted, and the College will be most grateful for any that may be given, and for any contribution that may be made to the Library Fund.

There is to be a suggestion book in the Library, in which people may write the names of books that they would like to see bought. A money-box has also been put there, to hold contributions to the Library Fund. Anyone who uses the Library, or wishes it well, is urged to slip his quarter, nickel, or cent; and not only once in his lifetime; otherwise the enlargement of the Library is likely to prove a long business.

A Hint for the Future

Our Memorial Wing is to be formally opened by His Excellency the Governor General on the afternoon of Closing Day, June 11th. Invitations are being sent out to all the Old Boys whose addresses are known, and we take this opportunity of cordially inviting any Old Boys who may not receive invita-



ASHBURY COLLEGE 1945



tions owing to the fact that we have not their present addresses. It is hoped that all Old Boys who are in a position to come will make a special effort to be with us on this occasion. As we have stated in our last issue, the Memorial Wing is proving a most valuable addition to the School, but there is still a large debt on the building. This can be very considerably reduced if every Old Boy will give even a small sum. It is felt that the vast majority of Old Boys wish to help forward this good work, but it is easy to "put off" the carrying out of good resolutions. We would therefore ask all former members of Ashbury to "do it now", and if every one puts his shoulders to the wheel we shall find our debt very considerably reduced.—G. P. Woolcombe.

A new idea was introduced to the school the year before last. It was in the form of a closing entertainment entirely acted by the boys and making a pleasant ending for the winter term. This turned out to be so successful that the same plan was adopted before the last Easter Holidays; and, in spite of the short notice given, all efforts were rewarded with excellent results. Each form was to supply several minutes' entertainment; this, however, proved impossible, owing to the lack of time, and consequently one or two were unable to give us any performance.

A short speech was delivered by the Headmaster. He welcomed the guests, and explained that it was to be a performance which had been hurriedly prepared; and he hoped that they would not expect too much, and so not be disappointed.

Why Not Again?

Thanks to the efforts of Mr. Cassels

and to the generosity of the Ottawa Rowing Club we have been able to start a school rowing club this term. The Ottawa Rowing Club has given us the use of their club-house and boats, and has given us a great deal of valuable coaching and instruction.

We have at present about fifteen members, which is quite good for a start, and our only hope is that the membership will increase as the school grows larger.

Owing to bad weather conditions the actual rowing has been delayed. The time, however, has not been wasted, as a lot of good work has been done in the machines, which have brought to light several promising oarsmen. We hope that now the weather is showing signs of clearing we shall be quite proficient oarsmen by the end of the term.

The following are nominated for the "Hall of Shame" :

The lazy brute who simply will not sit up when you're reading a novel behind him in the study;

The imbecile who reminds the master of the homework, when we think we have successfully led him astray;

The maid who says there's no more pie;

The nurse who keeps you in the infirmary over the week-end, and lets you out on Monday morning;

The person—man, woman, or child—who rings the rising-bell in the morning;

The girl who calls you up during the study;

The tagger who robs you of your last five cents, and leaves you penniless on Sparks Street when your leave expires in fifteen minutes.

OLD BOYS NOTES

We are grateful to those who let us have news, but we could do with more, and if any news is omitted please let us know.

Congratulations to :

Bob Wodehouse, Captain, on his marriage to Lt. Margaret Rose in Oshawa in January, also on his receiving the M.B.E.

Elliott Spafford on his promotion to Major, Canadian Armoured Corps, Overseas.

Jay Ronalds on his promotion to Flt.-Lt. in Burma.

John Bassett on his promotion to Major, Canadian Infantry Corps, Overseas, and subsequently his good fight in the Dominion election at Sherbrooke.

Frederick Adams on his appointment to a Professorship at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Hugh Cann on his promotion to a Captaincy in the 15th Air Force (U.S.) in Italy.

Malcolm Grant, A.F.C., Squadron Leader, on his marriage to Eleanor Carson in Ottawa.

Ian Barclay on his appointment as Sports Officer for H.M.C.S. *Donnacona*, Montreal.

Victor Wilgress, Lt. R.C.N.V.R., on receiving his Pilot's Wings, one of the first four Canadian Naval Officers of Fleet Air Arm.

L. G. Clarke, O.B.E., on his promotion to Brigadier.

John D. Southam on his promotion to Lt.-Col. of an Anti-Tank Regt. on the Western Front.

W. G. Ross on his promotion to Commander R.C.N.V.R.

John Garland, F/O., on his marriage to Miss Clara Payne.

Reg. Orde on his C.B.E.

Bill MacBrien on his O.B.E.

Maj.-General Renaud on his C.B. and Order of Orange-Nassau.

Russel Cowans on his promotion to Wing Commander R.C.A.F.

Buzz Heath on his marriage to Nancy Bowman in Ashbury College Chapel.

Ven Tremaine, now Lt.-Col., on his appointment as Commandant of Artillery Training Camp, Petawawa.

John Gillies, Lt.-Col., on his O.B.E.

Eric Beardmore on his promotion to Wing-Commander.

Ross McMaster, Capt., on his M.B.E.

Barry O'Brien on his Mention in Dispatches.

Val Godfrey on his Mention in Dispatches.

Geoffrey Wright on being awarded the Military Cross. We have no details.

Jim Caldwell, R.C.A.F., on winning the D.F.C. for three years outstanding devotion to duty as a Navigator.

George Woolcombe on his promotion to Lieut.-Commander.

Richard Webster on the arrival of a daughter on Nov. 29th, 1944, in Quebec.

R. W. Coristine on his Lt.-Colonelcy, and the birth of a son on Dec. 22nd, 1944.

A. M. Brodie on the arrival of a son on January 31st.

Bruce Ritchie on the birth of a son at Eastbourne, England, on March 21st.

C. F. Carsley, Major, on his O.B.E. for outstanding service on the Western Front.

David Fauquier on his promotion to Lt.-Colonel, C.A.C.

Guy Simonds on yet another honour—the C.B.

Pat Bogert, now a Brigadier and commanding a Brigade in the Army of Occupation, won the Croix de Guerre from the Free French for valour in the Liri Valley action, the D.S.O. for gallantry in Italy, and has recently been awarded the O.B.E.

E. Roger Rowley, a Lt.-Col. and now back in Canada, won the D.S.O. His citation reads as follows:

"On Sept. 17, 1944, the Stormont, Dundas and Glengarry Highlanders were detailed to capture La Cocherie and the Citadel in the heart of Boulogne.

Lt.-Col. Roger Rowley led his battalion with such great speed and daring so close upon the heavy bombing of La Cocherie that 200 Germans were captured and destroyed before they had recovered from the bombing. This enabled the remainder of the operation to continue quickly on the right flank.

Under heavy artillery and machine-gun fire Lt.-Col. Roger Rowley later directed his battalion in the assault on the Citadel, capturing a further 200 Germans. This officer's leadership, dash, bravery and unlimited energy in this battle were an inspiration to his officers and men and his action was one of the principal factors in the capture of Boulogne and the achievement of the brigade objective."

He also won a bar to his D.S.O. in Holland.

C. V. W. Vickers, Major, won the D.S.O. Here is his citation:

"At 8 a.m. on Nov. 5th, 1944, "A" Squadron, Royal Canadian Dragoons, under command of Major Vickers, was ordered to advance with a view to ascertaining strength and disposition of

the enemy south of Chiaia Canal. Major Vickers ordered an armoured car troop to advance on to contact enemy.

Both armoured cars of this troop were knocked out and the troop leader wounded in the head by a sniper and the troop scattered and disorganized by heavy enemy machine gun fire at very close range from houses in the vicinity. As communication had failed, Major Vickers took a scout car and driver and advanced to check the action.

This officer came under concentrated observed mortar and shell fire. Sending his driver back to cover, Major Vickers continued up the road on foot, located and re-organized the troop which was under cover in a small canal near-by and taking a German prisoner with him, who had been captured by the troop, he advanced alone, covered by fire of the troop, dismounted, to a nearby enemy held house, kicked the door in and after exchanging shots with the enemy in the upstairs rooms, captured four prisoners.

Herding his five prisoners before him, Major Vickers returned to the place where the armoured car troop was waiting and en route shot, wounded and captured another prisoner, bringing his total to six in this very gallant action. On return to the troop position the mortar machine gun and shell fire increased in intensity and only by exercising force was Major Vickers able to keep the prisoners on the road and under control. Arriving back at the troop he took control of the men who had been pinned there, dressed the troop leader's wound and arranged evacuation of this wounded officer, the prisoners and then the troop. Only after all ranks of this troop had been evacuated did Major Vickers leave the area and return to his command post.

At 1 p.m. the same day, as most of

his squadron was employed on a flanking task, Major Vickers received orders to advance through the positions from which he had evacuated the armoured car troop earlier that morning. Determined to carry out his orders, although very weak in manpower, this officer organized his own headquarters as a fighting patrol and advanced on the same axis as the morning. Again he came under intense machine gun and mortar fire from the same strong enemy position. Again this officer dismounted and with a complete contempt for the enemy fire he advanced directly against this enemy position covered by the fire of his supporting group and forcing his way into the occupied house, he captured five more prisoners after an exchange of shots and marched them down the road to his headquarters.

Throughout the afternoon, the enemy fire had increased in intensity and despite this fact Major Vickers returned again to the enemy position with three other ranks and then continued to effect contact with a flanking squadron and after personally supervising the construction of a strongpoint at this location, he then returned to squadron headquarters and resumed control of the squadron battle. This officer personally captured 11 prisoners during the day.

Throughout the entire day and despite the fierce enemy resistance and heavy mortar, machine gun and shell fire this officer displayed the greatest gallantry, resolution, skill and magnificent personal example. His coolness under fire and during a critical stage of his squadron's operation served to rally his troops and his action in advancing against strong enemy positions enabled his supporting troops to regroup and prepare for further action, thereby making possible the squadron's

advance on the following day. This officer's exceptional bravery, skill and initiative saved a very critical situation and his outstanding example and determination inspired all under his command with the result that the action along the whole regimental front that day was largely influenced by Major Vickers' gallant action and further advance was thus made possible much more quickly than had been anticipated."

John Fauquier, the youngest Air-Commodore, reverted to the rank of Group Captain in order to get back in the air. He has been a leader in dam-busting, an expert pathfinder, and has won the D.S.O. with bar, and D.F.C. with bar.

Hubert Rowe is now a full Colonel overseas, and has been twice Mentioned in Dispatches. His rapid promotion is due to hard steady work together with a deep sense of responsibility.

Bert Lawrence won the Military Cross in France. Here follows the citation:

"During advance of 8 Canadian Reconnaissance Regiment (14 C.H.) on 24 August, 1944, towards Brionne, Lieutenant Lawrence was in command of a troop which was given assignment of patrolling the river Risle below Brionne and finding a crossing there.

With the utmost courage and determination, Lieutenant Lawrence pushed forward in the face of constant enemy sniping and machine gun fire from the river, observed that the bridges across the river were blown, and that the crossing was under heavy mortar fire.

Lieutenant Lawrence personally went forward to the bridges and found that they could be repaired. Whilst under heavy fire, he directed the operations of his troop until a crossing was effected. Upon the completion of his bridge, he

pushed over the river with his troop and set up a bridgehead. His determined action enabled the whole Regiment to get across the river and cover the crossing of the leading Brigade of the Division.

Lieutenant Lawrence throughout this action displayed outstanding gallantry and his actions were a constant example and inspiration."

Pete Smellie won the Military Cross at Boulogne. Here is his citation :

"Lt. Peter Baillie Smellie is the platoon commander of No. 9 Platoon, 'C' Company, of the Cameron Highlanders of Ottawa (M.G.). The battalion was assigned an infantry role in the siege of Boulogne. On the night of September 18, 1944, he was ordered to lead a fighting patrol to the top of Mont Herquelingue and to seize and hold this strategic ground which commanded the river valley to the southwest. After two skirmishes with enemy outposts he reached the summit and found that the five large casemates were strongly held by the enemy.

Though greatly outnumbered and under enemy shell-fire from Mount St. Etienne he ordered his men to hold their ground and to contain the enemy within the casemates. At first light it became obvious that the casemates must be cleared one at a time. He personally cleared No. 1 Casemate, which was the headquarters, using 36 grenades and captured 20 prisoners. No. 2 Casemate was inaccessible to grenades, so he brought up the Piat which achieved immediate results and more prisoners. He directed similar tactics on the other casemates and in spite of enemy snipers and mortaring, cleared the top of the mountain.

The engagement netted 164 prisoners of war, a large supply of enemy guns and equipment, and was directly re-

sponsible for the surrender of the whole Herquelingue garrison of 500 men on September 21, 1944."

David Ghent, now a Staff Captain, R.C.A.S.C., writing home to his family says, in part :

"Most impressive thing on the list I think was a day a while back, very shortly after we had sprung and snapped shut our trap, or pocket, on the Jerries. That day I drifted away on my bike from the company and spent some considerable time racing along this road and that till I finally got myself up beyond Falaise. I can't say too much about where, but sufficient, I think, to say it was part of the gap or escape route that the Hun tried to race through.

I have never in my life seen, or even imagined such horror. Dead Germans, dead horses, dead cattle. Stench of death everywhere. I have seen many German prisoners. Prisoners taken from that trap. Prisoners who still had weapons in their hands; weapons I believe they clung to as the only remaining link with sanity. They did not think of using them; they just hung on to them as a friend they had been with for years. I didn't believe men could be so stunned and still look human."

Avery Dunning, Flt. Lt., now freed after some years as a prisoner of war has arrived back in Canada.

Robert Powell, Lieut. Commander R. C. N. V. R., recently completed an R.C.N. Command Course at Halifax.

Val Godfrey, Capt. R.C.N., was in command of the *Prince Henry* when used as a flagship by Rear-Admiral Chandler, U.S.N., at Naples.

John Colvil was wounded in France with the 18th C.A.R. Regt. but is progressing favourably.

Bob Hyndman, Flt. Lt. R.C.A.F.,

after a tour of operations as fighter pilot, is now painting Air Force subjects officially.

Andrew Thompson is retiring from the post of Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod.

Charles Butterworth has been appointed manager of the Bank of Montreal at St. Johns, Newfoundland.

E. D. Sherwood, Lt., is serving on H.M.C.S. *Prince Henry*.

Fred Bronson, P.O. air-gunner, is back in Canada after 15 months overseas.

John Lewis, F.O., after 2½ years overseas is home in Ottawa.

Charles Gale, Paymaster Lieutenant, R.C.N.V.R., has been stationed at St. Johns, Newfoundland, since early in 1943, except for a period in the summer of 1944 when he was attached for special work at Naval H. Q. in Ottawa. He is to be congratulated on the arrival of a daughter in February 1945.

Jim Maclaren, now at H. M. C. S. *Montcalm*, graduated from Dalhousie this spring. He obtained Distinction in all subjects, a Gold Medal for French, and \$100 for an English Essay. He was also Editor of the *Dalhousie Gazette* which won the Bracken Award for the best editorial by a student newspaper. In his spare time he ran soccer and cricket clubs very successfully. A busy fellow our James.

Eric Earnshaw served as 1st Lieutenant aboard the *Ottawa* when she sank a German submarine. He also received a Mention in Dispatches.

C. F. Coristine was seriously wounded in Normandy.

Hugh Garland is Vice-Chairman of the Montreal Curb Market.

John Andrews is a Lieutenant with the Forestry Corps at Petawawa.

Jimmy MacGowan is home, wounded and having treatment for his arm at Christie St. Hospital, Toronto.

Dick Goodwin unfortunately lost an eye in Holland, but is now home in Moose Jaw, and otherwise well.

Peter Berry, R.C.N.V.R., was mentioned in dispatches.

John McKinley, after a period at sea with the Navy, came home on leave in June.

Geoffrey Hughson, also R.C.N.V.R., came home on leave in June after a long period at sea.

TRAINS

(An extract from a letter from James Northcott, a former member of *Panorama's* staff).

" . . . One glance at the interior of the train would suffice to show that it was English, and yet it didn't seem quite natural. Suddenly it dawned upon me that the impossible had actually happened — the carriage was nearly empty! Now empty trains are a thing of the past in this country. Many is the time that I've felt like a dehydrated sardine in a shrinking tin; yet here was a carriage in which I could actually occupy the whole length of the seat. This, I assure you, is quite a change from the normal procedure, whereby one is obliged to fight for a place in the corridor, which will always hold just one person more. (Provided, of course, our physicists tell us, that the exterior pressure is the greater. Or in other words, the driving force has to be such that its momentum will overcome the natural inertia of those inside, and thus bring about the necessary state of compression.) Trains can of course be entered by other (chemical) means, such as by waving prominently above one's head a bottle of something

or a month's candy coupons, thus showing a distinct chemical affinity for those inside. Positions thus won, however, should be speedily consolidated, lest the reaction prove to be reversible. I will confine myself to one last observation, namely that I have at last seen a practical application of the principles of the strange game of Armoured Rugby."

ABINGER AND ASHBURY

(This is one of a series of articles by "Henry Bostock", once a member of *Panorama*'s staff, who is now in England).

"You will not need my help to realize that the journey of the Abinger group from England—away from our homes for an indefinite period—our four years in Canada, and our joyous return to the parents and the places we loved at the end of these four years, were all part of a great adventure. You have already been told by Mr. Harrison I know, and I expect by others too, that we miss Ashbury in nearly all its aspects. We still get together in groups of Old Abingerians and spend hours talking of the "old days": the Ashbury formals, the evenings in the prefects' common-room, the prep crises, the double Latin periods, the trips to Montreal; these and scores more of comforting, warm memories.

I had such a talk as this in London a few days ago when I met Mr. Harrison. We had a terrific gossip during lunch at his club, and afterwards went on to see Mr. Sykes (for those who did not know him, a very popular member of the teaching staff during the early days of the war). He is in hospital—and has been for three months—with several wounds in his leg received during a tank battle. He was an acting Captain at the time he was hit and although there must have been many

stories he could have told us about his tank adventures, the conversation was soon about Ashbury. He was very "bucked" to hear about our recent cricket victories over B.C.S. and L.C.C. and asked me to send his congratulations to the team.

On reading through the above I find that I have been rambling, but I started this article with the intention of telling you that although we have left we still feel that we are part of Ashbury, and although we came in 1940 as evacuees to escape a possible—even probable—invasion of our homes by Germans, we went back having received more than safety at Ashbury. We found friendship there and happiness, we found knowledge, experience and toleration, and I would venture to say that we gave something in exchange for what we took away.

As I say, I have been rambling, but if I have managed to convey to you to some extent our gratitude for what you—Canada, the college, the boys—have done for us, then my rambling has not been in vain."

Gordon Forbes, F/L., was seriously injured in a flying accident in England, but is making a good recovery.

J. F. Minnes, Sq. Leader, is Ophthalmologist to No. 1 Command, Medical Board, Toronto.

A. B. Brodie is now attached to No. 1 Can. Art. Reinforcement Unit, overseas.

A. E. D. (Bert) Tremain, Brigadier, after nearly five years overseas service, has retired from the Active Army.

Garner Currie, Major, commanded "A" Squadron, British Columbia Regt., C.A.C., in all the unit's major engagements in the summer and autumn of 1944, from the crossing of the Somme

at Abbeville to the fighting at Bergen op Zoom, Holland.

Arthur Yuile, Squadron Leader, has returned to Engineering at McGill, after 1,825 days' service in the R.C.A.F. in Canada and overseas.

Evan Gill, Lt.-Col., Secretary of Canadian Chiefs of Staff Committee, is now also Secretary of the Canadian Defence Council.

Keith Henderson, Major, wounded on the Western Front, is reported as recovering in hospital in England.

Eric Riordon's oil paintings, illustrating Stephen Leacock's book "Canada's War at Sea", have been presented to McGill University.

Chris. Pirance writes from England to say that on his return he went to Malvern where he took his School Certificate last summer getting Distinction in Art, and Credit in English. He expected to enter the Navy this July with Tony Hurtley. He had seen Shaw, Hardy, Frank MacNabb, Threshie and David Thomas, who is at Harrow.

Ray Boutin, in the Fleet Air Arm, writes of the very interesting time he has had in England. He says "I have visited many parts of your homeland, and the beauty which this island possesses has certainly impressed me. My favourite spots were Torquay, Devon, and the Lake District." (He certainly travels from one end of England to the other—ED.) He has also seen many Abinger boys, notably Chapman expecting to go to London University in September, and Barnes, now in the Guards, who showed Boutin round Oxford one week-end.

Michael Ney, now in Canada, preparing to go to the Pacific, wrote from England, while taking a course at Yeovil, in Flight Direction. He thoroughly enjoyed the peace and beauty

of Somerset, and was impressed by the names of such villages as Compton Paunchfoot, Queen Carmel, and Wimble Toot. About the site of Arthur's Camelot he says: "In addition to this on the map is marked "King Arthur's Hunting Causeway"; fired with imagination I resolved to inspect it. After searching diligently for a while I came across a slight undulation in a field, presumably said causeway. I was considerably shattered by this; I suppose my imagination had run riot with me, and I expected a regular highway with mailed knights thundering up to the gates of Camelot, while Guinevere and other fair maidens looked out of the nearest tower!"

Roger Spielman writes from Stowe that he has taken the School Certificate, getting Distinction in English and Maths., Credit in French, Latin and Geography, and a Pass in History. He was hoping to see Mr. Harrison, who was not far away. He says: "I was surprised to find how many boys are of the Sablin-Pilgrim-Renaud type. Girls seem to be a major feature of life here, as there." (Is there a connection here? —ED.) He further gives an interesting account of the life at Stowe as follows:

"There are several boys from Ashbury at Stowe now, and I expect a few more next term. So far we seemed to stick together in a sort of clique, though of course we are intermingled completely with everyone else. There are eight houses of about sixty boys each, and we are spread all over the place. In Grafton, which has the good luck to contain me, there are twenty boys in studies, and the rest just use the house-room and libraries. I suppose that every other house has the same arrangements.

Work is almost identical to that with you, with the exception that there is more prep to do. We sleep in dormi-

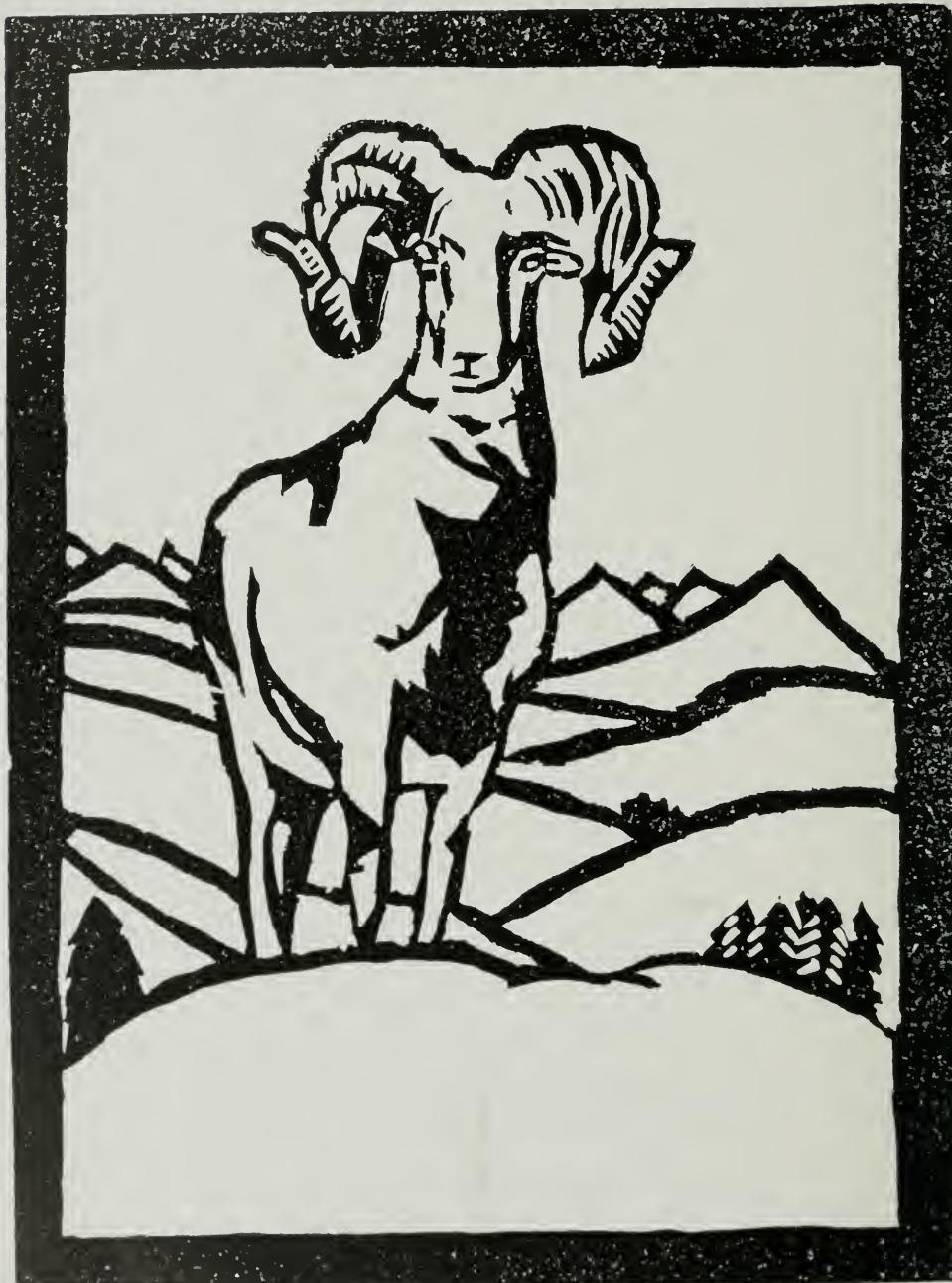
tories of five to fifteen each — actually that is misleading; they are either one or the other — and I dislike that system very much, because it is much nicer to have a 'bed-sitting-room'. But anyway I am enjoying myself very much here. Food is comparatively good, but the one cup of milk at breakfast and supper — more than the ration allows, as a matter of fact — makes one wishful as one remembers the milk orgies "out there". But, as I said before, we don't do too badly.

Games consist of cricket in the summer; rugger in the Christmas term; and hockey at Easter. Of which do I most heartily loathe the first and last; Rugger I thoroughly enjoy, and being, shall we say, hefty, I was able to get on to the house team. Still I shall prefer "football a la Canadienne". But as to the other two terms: Hockey I cannot avoid except by going on runs, which I loathe even more. But I can get out of cricket by playing the more interesting game of Tennis. Somehow I feel that these last few lines are not

really strange to you, but that can't be helped.

Bounds are very wide, and we are allowed to go within a twenty mile "there-and-back" radius of the school on bikes. We are allowed into Buckingham at all times except Saturday afternoons, and into any other villages or towns that come into the bounds area. The countryside is lovely in summer, but at all times it is very windy and hilly. This last makes an appreciable difference to our bike rides. We are not allowed into the local cinemas, but there is a full-length show every Saturday night given by the school. Of course this means no choice, but there would be none anyway, so it really makes no odds. Cooking is allowed in studies, and we are allowed into the local bakeries, so we get plenty of surplus food if we want it, and there are no restrictions on any shops that we may enter, except, of course, pubs. But even these may be entered when accompanied by "authorized and approved visitors" as the "red-book" of rules puts it."

LITERARY SECTION



VICTORY LOAN

We reproduce below the words of Michael Shenstone who was asked to speak at the daily ceremony at the Victory Loan Indicator in the Plaza, in Ottawa.

THE great events of the last few days, and the deep joy and thanksgiving which we feel at the triumph of our arms in Europe, make it hard for us to go on buying Victory Bonds.

We now have the first and perhaps the greatest part of that victory within our grasp, with the defeat and abject surrender of the Germans. We have still the Japanese to overwhelm and conquer and in addition there is another and most vital victory to gain — a victory over disease and poverty and hunger.

War has passed like a scythe over Europe, leaving behind it countless thousands of wretched people without homes, without food, sometimes even without hope. It is Canada's duty, and it is in her own interest, to take a full share in helping these people to recover from the ravages our foes have caused. To do this Canada will need money, money which must be provided by each of her citizens, according to their means, and according to their conscience. It is primarily for this victory over want that we are lending money now.

For five and a half long years we have lent our money to supply our soldiers and sailors and airmen with guns and planes and tanks. Many of these men will now be returning to Canada. But our task is not finished. We must provide them with homes and with jobs, we must help those who have been maimed or blinded or injured for us, and we must give them all a Canada which is strong and self-reliant. These great problems of reconstruction and reconversion again mean money, always money. Every one of us must give, ungrudgingly, for the weapons we are buying today are not to destroy and kill, but to restore, to rebuild and to create.

JAN

HIS name had been Jan Marek, Jan Karel Marek. He loved to say this name to himself, repeating it softly over and over again like a prayer.

To the guards he was merely a number, but when he said these magic syllables to himself, the words brought back memories of the days when he was free. It seemed a very long time ago, an age, an aeon. He had lived in Bladek, a quaint old village in Bohemia, south of Prague. He had been the school-teacher there, in the tiny ancient schoolhouse with the thatched roof. How well he could remember it all the little cottage where he lived with his old father, who had also been a teacher; the peaceful shady street, with the low-roofed houses nestling among the trees; the people, such simple, kindly folk. It seemed so idyllic, so wonderful, so beautiful to him now, for he had forgotten the poverty and cruelty which marred it. The fact that it was in the outside world, in the sunshine and the air, made it seem virtually perfect to him.

The clomp of military boots woke him from his reveries. All these marvellous things which he had just been thinking about were merely part of a

hazy, distant, golden dream, which was past and gone. Here in front of him was reality, the black narrow stone-walled windowless cell which had been his home for so long. The only light came in through the heavy steel bars around the iron door, from a bulb in the narrow corridor outside. This bulb was dimmed in the small hours of the morning, and Jan could tell night from day only by observing it.

Jan had been in that cell for three and a half years. It was in November 1941 that he had been torn from that other bright world. On that day he had ceased to live; from then on he only existed. Arrested in his own classroom, he had been taken away without being allowed to say goodbye to anyone or to gather together his few possessions. He had been sent under guard to Prague, where he was tried by the Gestapo. They had sentenced him to solitary confinement for life, and sent him to the great prison of Mistelbach, in the hills thirty miles north of Vienna. He arrived on a grey November afternoon and was hustled down the dank stairs and passages of the fortress, and thrust into this cell of his, where he had stayed for three and a half years. Three and a half years. . . . And why? He was just a teacher who believed in freedom, and who had not hesitated to instil its principles into his pupils, that was all.

He was absolutely alone, for he had no cell-mate, nor was there any way of getting news to or from the outside world; he doubted whether his father even knew he was alive. The guards were forbidden to talk to him, and he knew nothing of what was happening in the war: not that it mattered to him, for he regarded his life as finished. . . . "Here, here! None of that!" he said to himself. He knew that self-pity was the beginning of the road to insanity, and he listened to the wild raving of the mad priest in the cell next to his. Jan's cell was in a remote corner of the huge building, far from the main quarters of the so-called criminals, and there were only two cells occupied in it, Jan's and the madman's. The priest had been there a year before Jan arrived, and Jan had heard him pass through stage after stage of insanity, until now he was no more than a gibbering idiot. . . .

It was at this moment that Jan first definitely noticed it. Down the stairs and through the rock walls it came, very low at first, and scarcely audible. It sounded like continuous and distant thunder — growling and rumbling and murmuring. At first he thought it *was* thunder. But it did not come in peals, nor did it seem to be approaching and receding. What could it be? Jan listened, fascinated. On and on it went, hour after hour, muttering in the distance.

At noon the guard appeared as usual carrying the daily food and water, a miserable amount, the absolute minimum for existence. The soldier had a worried look on his face today. A whistle sounded far above just as he was opening the door, and the man practically threw the food into the room when he heard it and scuttled up the stairs. Jan idly wondered what could cause such an unusual occurrence. After eating Jan did a little acrobatics — his daily exercise consisting in climbing the corner of his cell, jumping and pacing back and forth. Then he turned to decorating his cell. A guard had once dropped a bag of nails from his pocket, and Jan used these to carve



designs on the stone walls. He had made some quite beautiful friezes and reliefs. It was soft stone but every little adornment took days to make. The work helped pass the time and kept him busy. As long as he kept busy he could escape those dangerous thoughts which pressed upon him.

Hours passed, and it must have been about eight in the evening when Jan suddenly became conscious of something unaccountable. He could hear no guards trampling the halls above him, nor the bustle and clatter of officers making their rounds. Jan had grown so used to all this that now it could not be heard he felt actually uncomfortable. He moved to the door of the cell to listen and stood there a moment. His eyes wandered down to the lock. His brain did not work immediately; he sensed something different, something out of place, but could not think what it was. Then it flashed through his mind. The lock! It was undone! Scarcely believing it, he put his hand to the door and pulled. It was opening, it was open! He stood and stared into the passage, his brain in a mad whirl of thoughts. Freedom! Escape! Fantastic ideas danced through his head, hopes, expectations, wild plans. Then the cold light of reason struck him. What chance had he of escaping alone, without accomplices, without disguise, lacking papers and money? He would probably be caught within five minutes of leaving his cell. Still, it was now or never. So he slipped out of his room and darted across to the foot of the narrow stairs leading to the upper world. Here he paused. Still he could hear nothing, not even the priest. What could be wrong? What had happened? Cautiously he tiptoed up the stairs, and found himself in a large hallway with passages going off to right and left. In front of him was an imposing door marked "Prison Commandant", but there was not a soul in sight. Why? Was he dreaming? Had he gone mad? He listened again; still there was not a sound except that ever-present rumbling. He might as well go on and trust to luck. He chose the passage to the left, and slowly made his way along it. He passed more doors, evidently the quarters of the garrison. They were deserted. On he went, through corridor after corridor, up stairs, through archways. All were silent and empty, except for the subdued mutterings from a distance. Frightened, Jan ran swiftly forward, fearing some unknown evil. At last the corridor ended in a large steel door, heavy and forbidding. He hesitated before it, wondering what lay beyond it . . . probably another passage. So he took hold of the big iron handle and opened the door. He gasped and stood awed, scarcely realizing what he was seeing.

Above him stretched the sky, the wide infinite spaces of the sky. It was a wonderful star-lit night, and the majestic diamond-studded dome over his head seemed to lift something in his heart. He suddenly felt as if he could take wing and sail up, up into the boundless heavens. A surge of emotion, an emotion he had never felt before, swept through his soul. He was outside, in the outer world, in the open air. And there he stood, staring, looking at all the wonderful sights which lay before him, sights whose beauty he had forgotten for so long. The noise in the distance took on a new intensity, and suddenly he realized what it must be. . . . Guns! Hundreds of them or thousands; heavy, light, medium; howitzers, field guns, mortars. But what were they doing here in the heart of Hitler's Europe? There could be only one explanation:

the armies of liberation were hammering at the gates of Vienna. That dreadful barrage was falling not on the helpless people of Poland, Holland or Norway; it was falling on the conquerors themselves, the Nordic supermen, the Master Race. It was they who were retreating now, demoralized, beaten, desperate. He understood the silence in the old prison; the guards had fled, and the rest of the prisoners had probably been shot, while he alone survived.

Just then there came a noise of something clattering down the road. Jan hastily concealed himself in the grass between the road and the door he had just come out of, and watched with fear and surprise six giant vehicles go sweeping by. . . . tanks! A few moments later some soldiers came running past. One of them blew a whistle, and at this sound the squad got off the road and took cover on the bank where Jan was lying. He hardly dare breathe, so close they were to him. Then he noticed. . . . There was something peculiar in the cut of those uniforms, something peculiar. . . . His heart began to pound. "Were they . . . ?" At this moment one of the men muttered out loud to another, still not seeing Jan. "Spread out a bit more," he said . . . in Czech! Jan leapt to his feet in wild joy. These were Czech troops, friends, countrymen. He was free at last. He wasn't dreaming. He was free, free, free!

A German sniper held the dancing figure firmly in the sights, and gently squeezed the trigger. . . .

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

THE "Champ" they called him. And a champion he was—a fighter, a leader and a thinker. As he died the Allied armies poured onward over the plains before Berlin, thus finishing the first part of the gigantic task entrusted to them by destiny. He had seen the forces of his nation and his allies safe upon the way to victory and peace, but the greater task was left but half completed—the forging of that peace itself.

America and the world have suffered an irreparable loss in the death of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, four times elected President of the United States. There is little that one can say about the tragedy that has befallen us. But men will not forget the warmth and power of his voice, his courage in the face of illness and bitter opposition, and above all his supreme humanity and wisdom. His failures were negligible in the light of his achievements: the progressive measures of the New Deal with which he brought his country out of the throes of depression; his far-sighted turning aside of traditional American isolationism, culminating in the Lease-Lend Act of 1941; and his organization of the United States for total war before and after Pearl Harbour. The Atlantic Charter, Teheran and Yalta inspired the peoples of the world as did his belief in and feeling for the poor and the oppressed of his own and every nation.

As a result of the rigidity of the United States Constitution the American people are powerless at this crucial hour to choose a leader of wide international experience and proven ability, as would have been the case in Canada

or England. Automatically the former Vice-President, Harry S. Truman, becomes President. Doubts are inevitable as to this little-known man's potentiality for statesmanship, but he deserves, and must be given, whole-hearted and generous support as he takes up his crushing duties as successor to President Roosevelt.

[We are grateful to "Panorama" for the above article—ED.]

"PANORAMA" PRESS-ROOM

Our contemporary lifts the veil

IT is late on Sunday night, and in Room 20 the dread hour of Printing draws near. Without, the elements howl; within, the mob howls also. We open the door and plunge into the murky haze. A savage crescendo of African music greets our ears, and we fight our way through a motley crowd of agitated boys. Amid the throng we catch sight of a desperate figure hunched over a battered typewriter; it is our Editor, a harassed individual ever pressing onward to the evasive goal of a completed stencil. On his right a shady character is urging libel upon him; a mysterious person to his left is dictating spicy bits. Through the tumult comes a sinister voice: the printer's ink is wanted for a dark and nefarious purpose. A volley of vituperation is heard as the Editor reaches for the bottle . . . of correcting fluid. His unfortunate room-mate curses quietly but with feeling in the background, as innumerable feet trample upon his sheets.

The door opens, and fresh hordes pour in — a sports reporter, the Printing Manager, Butch, and assorted jive fiends. On, on types the editor, until the last stencil is finished; a sigh of relief, and he mops his weary brow. But from the bed beside arises a jive hound, revealing a completed stencil mangled beneath him. The Editor utters a shriek of agony, and rushes from the room shouting "Dust ! Dust !"

"TRAVEL BROADENS THE MIND"

SATURDAY being part of the week-end, and the week-end being the best time to keep away from school, I decided to take my usual trip to the nation's capital — Ottawa to the ignorant.

As street-cars are the most convenient, and only, mode of transportation, the next step was to board one. This was accomplished, without too much difficulty, by gently pushing, kicking and pinching three or four outsiders and ten or so juniors. These people never do appreciate their betters.

Once on, I began to look around for a seat. I noticed one, but being the perfect gentleman, pointed it out to a lady standing next to me and offered to race her for it. With a smile she accepted, gosh these Ottawans is elegant. It was a close race, and had it not been for the child and parcels in her arms she might have won, but who are we to buck fate.

Luckily the seat was on the right hand side, the scenic one of course (that Beechwood foundry *is* a glorious sight). So I gazed around me at the beauty of St. Patrick Street in late fall. At this time the bourgeois occupying the seat next to me left and his place was taken by a beaming female, the motherly type, who allowed her bulk to spread over the seat as she sat down. Smilingly she looked around and then as her eyes came to rest on me pleasantly remarked: "Eel fet froid nes pa". Seldom are fellow voyageurs such brilliant conversationalists. Politely I agreed, but it seemed that our idyllic friendship was doomed to die an early death, for this statement seemed to exhaust her conversationalistic prowess, and still beaming, she directed her gaze on more interesting spectacles (than myself).

Feeling rather lost and deserted I contented myself with looking out of the window. Just then the street-car turned into Dalhousie Street, and my eyes fell on a sight which once seen will never be forgotten. For have you ever seen "Dalhousie" architecture? It is a style, or rather mode, all of its own. Each house is an individualist with a heart, body and soul like none other. Each little shop and apartment is different. Colours and shapes blend, and if they don't — well, let the artists worry over that, the builders certainly didn't.

But "tempus fugit" and soon we reached Rideau Street, and then the Chateau, my destination. I rang the bell, stepped on the treadle and bade my erstwhile fellow travellers a fond farewell — for as the learned say: "Travel broadens the mind", and who am I to argue.

— M.G.B.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PICTURE

"**Z**OMBIES" are by no means all French-Canadian. We hear a lot about the French Zombies, but very little about English-speaking ones. Here is conclusive proof that there are large numbers of them right in Rockcliffe. The following incident actually occurred.

A friend of ours fell into conversation with a French-Canadian recruiting sergeant. On being asked whether there were many English-speaking Zombies, he replied "Yes, there are lots. Why, there's some English school over in Rockcliffe somewhere — Ash . . . Ash . . . Ash-berrie, I think it is called — where there are *fifty* Zombies, all of military age. I went up there myself to get them to join up, and not one of them would volunteer!"

SUMMA ARS CELARE ARTEM (Pro)

In this case the word "ars" may be translated with more effect as "skill". This statement is best proved by definite examples.

When watching a good trout fisherman, one gets the impression that casting the line far and accurately is an accomplishment acquired very easily. Yet there is a hidden skill in that gentle wrist movement, the drifting backlash, the line straightening and reaching the water at its full extent, without landing too abruptly; to make the fly land quietly in the right spot, to make the artificial fly even more realistic than a real fly.

It is only after long hours of practice, usually meeting with failure, that one becomes skilled in the least.

If one watches an artist at work with pastels making a quick sketch, in five or ten minutes he has finished a pleasing picture. Despite the fact that the picture may contain only one or two trees, a stream, and several shadows, there is a concealed art in arranging those trees, the shadows, the stream into a composition that pleases the eye, sense of balance and colour sense.

In these two examples, it seems that there is the highest skill, yet this skill is revealed in such a fashion that it is made to appear simple.

Thus it is only an art, when it can be done easily and naturally, without apparent difficulty.

There is no doubt as to the correctness of this statement.

—J. H.

SUMMA ARS CELARE ARTEM (Con)

“**T**HE highest skill is to conceal the skill.” This means that the greatest art is to make your achievement look as if it was easy to do.

Now it is true that many really fine achievements look as if anyone could do them. The greatest games players have an appearance of utter nonchalance, although they do incomparably better the things which we may strive almost beyond endurance to do. This is probably due to the fact that they have practiced so long that their skill is second nature. Similarly, playing the piano or other instrument is made to look easy by the best artists; and most of the arts or achievements which require actual physical exertion are given this quality by their best practitioners. But the other arts—writing (prose or verse), painting, sculpture—even if well done do not look easy. Shakespeare's plays don't look as if he just dashed them off, for instance.

I think, therefore, we may conclude that although it may be, in some departments, a natural thing that great achievements should look easy, this in itself is not an art.

—D. M.

THE MEANING OF V-E DAY

V-E DAY is the end of all hostilities in Europe. But that is not its real meaning. It will mean the end of a struggle lasting for the best part of six years.

On this continent there are very few people who know the real meaning of war, and when V-E Day comes, life will be much the same for them. It will be an exciting day for them, naturally, but not nearly as much as those who have suffered, from the war, directly.

One can hardly imagine the excitement of those who have been bombed, tortured and murdered pitilessly in cold blood. They themselves will hardly be able to realize that they can now turn on their lights, and walk and speak freely, without the fear of bloodthirsty murderers behind their backs.

The struggle of war will have ended, but the struggle of peace will be at its birth. After the short holiday there will be no slacking off for anyone. There are people to be fed and clothed, and homes to be built.

—J. S.

ANOTHER VIEW

V-E DAY means a great deal, not only to us at home, but also to the men gallantly fighting in Germany.

For us it means flags, parades and speeches, and church-going to give thanks to Almighty God. For them it means rest, quiet, peacefulness.

We, here, cannot appreciate as well as they, what peace means. They have seen war in all its horror, we naught but a few restrictions.

But V-E day will also mean relief for the families of men in Germany. No longer will they have to face sleepless nights worrying and perhaps they will have the joy of seeing their sons home again.

V-E day will come as a rest on our way, with the task of beating Japan still ahead, but with the satisfaction of knowing that we have accomplished a job in good fashion.

—W. N.



"ME"

*My heart is split in two;
It doesn't all belong to you;
I don't know who it's for,
Because its love does pour
Upon two countries
Separated by the deep blue seas.
I wonder which I'll live in
And whose my heart will win;
I wish it could be both,
For wherever I shall go
I'll think of Canada.
It's best that I forget
And not let my memories set,
But I'll always remember
That country in December:
The snow upon the ground
And then without a sound
The summer's there again.
This thought to me will always be so plain.
The time I spent the summer
Trying to learn to be a plumber;
The football that I hardly played,
I wish I'd only stayed*

*To see that end run made.
In all these thoughts I wade.
The many friends of mine:
Their faces will always shine
In that little heart of mine,
As though they were divine.
I love this place: that's all I say,
It's all I think of night and day.
There is a Paradise
But it has got its price.
But Canada is free to all
And it will never fall.
If you were made to live for ever
And you were awfully clever
You'd live in Canada.
I sometimes wonder what it is
Which makes you go, but miss
A country such as this.
But we can't always wish
For places just like this,
But England I will never miss
For I'll live there ever more.*

—BRIAN HARBN.

(This poem was written as Brian was on the point of returning to England—ED.)

THIS FREEDOM

*"It is not to be thought of that the Flood
Of British freedom, which, to the open sea
Of the world's praise, from dark antiquity
Hath flowed. . . .
Should perish; and to evil and to good
Be lost for ever."*

THE above is an extract from a sonnet written by Wordsworth at the beginning of the nineteenth century, and how true are those words to-day.

Wordsworth wrote this poem when England was in great danger through the uprisings in France and the power of Napoleon. To-day we have just averted a very strong threat to wreck humanity by Germany and maybe in the future we will have to ward off another attack on our way of living.

In June 1940, one scarcely dared think of the possible fate that was awaiting England's inevitable collapse. But the inevitable did not occur and the

freedom which Wordsworth wrote about in his sonnet was allowed to stay alive. The reason why that collapse which was considered a certainty by most of the world, did not come, was because England has preserved from earliest times a liberty unmatched by any other nation.

England has been the pioneer in all fields of science, geographical discoveries, and above all in reform and freedom. Because of this freedom, England, except from 1919-1939, has never lacked in political genius, and her aristocracy has been the 'Spartan three-hundred' of the world. An inherent quality of each century in English life, has been the quality of its literature, of its poetry.

No one can deny that the produce of art is the product of free men. Germany, since she became a vassal to lordly Prussia, has produced nothing worth mentioning in the arts, yet in the centuries before, Germany gave to the world the greatest race of musicians that the world will ever see.

Because of this liberty, this art, England will not betray the trust of her countless great men, and she will make her name even more renowned than it is to-day. She will try to make this world a place fit for the graves of Pitt the Younger, Gladstone, Beethoven and sportsmen like H. Verity, and Ranji who were just as great in their own fields. And to the people of this earth she will give even greater poets, greater politicians, greater men.

*"We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake; the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held. — In everything we are sprung
Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold."*

—WORDSWORTH.

—C. W. J. E.

"THE TRAMP"

*His clothes were always full of patches grey,
His shirt, at one time white, is now a black;
On shoulders wide, there loosely hangs a "mack",
Which looks as if it came straight from the fray.
A hat, well sunk down o'er the eyes, like May
Starts birds, with golden plumage fine,
A-twitting through sheer joy at this queer line
Of holes, so great they seem like a bay.
But 'neath the dusky skin of this poor tramp,
There lies a soul at which the angels look,
When evil great blots out the richer race.
For those who think that pomp shuts out the base,
Must needs repent since God commands the rook
Which drives away the men who harm the tramp.*

—C. W. J. E.

EXCHANGES

The Editors gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following Exchanges:—

The Acta Ridleyana, Ridley College, St. Catharines, Ont.
The Argus, Sault Ste. Marie Collegiate, Ontario.
The B.C.S. Magazine, Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, P.Q.
The College Times, Upper Canada College, Toronto, Ont.
The Grove Chronicle, Lakefield Preparatory School, Lakefield, Ont.
The Hatfield Hall Magazine, Hatfield Hall, Cobourg, Ont.
The Lower Canada College Magazine, Montreal, P.Q.
Lux Glebana, Glebe Collegiate, Ottawa, Ont.
The Marlburian, Marlborough College, England.
The Beaver Log, Miss Edgar and Miss Cramp's, Montreal, P.Q.
The Mitre, Bishop's University, Lennoxville, P.Q.
The Meteor, Rugby School, England.
Northland Echoes, North Bay Collegiate, North Bay, Ont.
The Patrician Herald, St. Patrick's College, Ottawa.
The Queen's Review, Queen's University, Kingston, Ont.
The Record, Trinity College, Port Hope, Ont.
The R.M.C. Review, R.M.C., Kingston, Ont.
Samara, Elmwood School, Ottawa, Ont.
The Shawnigan Lake School Magazine, Shawnigan Lake, B.C.
South African College Magazine, S. A. High School, Cape Town.
St. Andrew's College Review, St. Andrew's College, Aurora, Ont.
The Tonbridgian, Tonbridge School, England.
Trafalgar Echoes, Trafalgar Institute, Montreal, P.Q.
The Trinity College Magazine, Trinity College, Toronto, Ont.
The Trinity Review, Trinity University, Toronto, Ont.
The Voyageur, Pickering College, Newmarket, Ont.
Appleby Calling, Appleby College, Oakville, Ont.
King's Hall, Compton, P.Q.
Cranbrookian, Cranbrook, Kent, England.
Wanganui Collegian, Wanganui, New Zealand.
The Log, Royal Canadian Naval College, Victoria, B.C.
The "Techalogue", 512—24th St. W., Saskatoon.
Selwyn House School, 3458 Redpath St., Montreal

THE ASHBURIAN JUNIOR

VOLUME XXVIII • NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FORTY-FIVE

ASHBURY COLLEGE • OTTAWA

JUNIOR SCHOOL REVIEW

IN the beginning of the Fall Term we enjoyed many soccer games amongst ourselves, under the excellent coaching of Mr. Belcher.

We were quite proud of our Junior Cadet Corps and felt we had gained valuable training through the capable efforts of S/M. Henry for the short time he was with us.

We were sorry not to be able to participate in any opposing games of hockey with Rockcliffe School. But a keen sense of sportsmanship is very evident among the players.

We were fortunate to be able to play a game of cricket against the Middle School, winning by a small margin of

40 - 41. Mansur and Grant I were outstanding in both bowling and playing.

The Boxing Tournaments this year were started by Parsons vs. Wettklaufer, Parsons being the victor by a very close fight and winning the Chester-Master Cup.

Six boxers staged the bouts for the Patterson Cup which Grant II won on decision. Those who took part were : Knott, Smith IV, Foran, McCordick, Mulligan and Grant II. All put up an excellent showing.

In the Cadet Corps Inspection the Juniors were in excellent trim and were commended by all on their smartness.

HOW I SPENT MY SUMMER HOLIDAYS

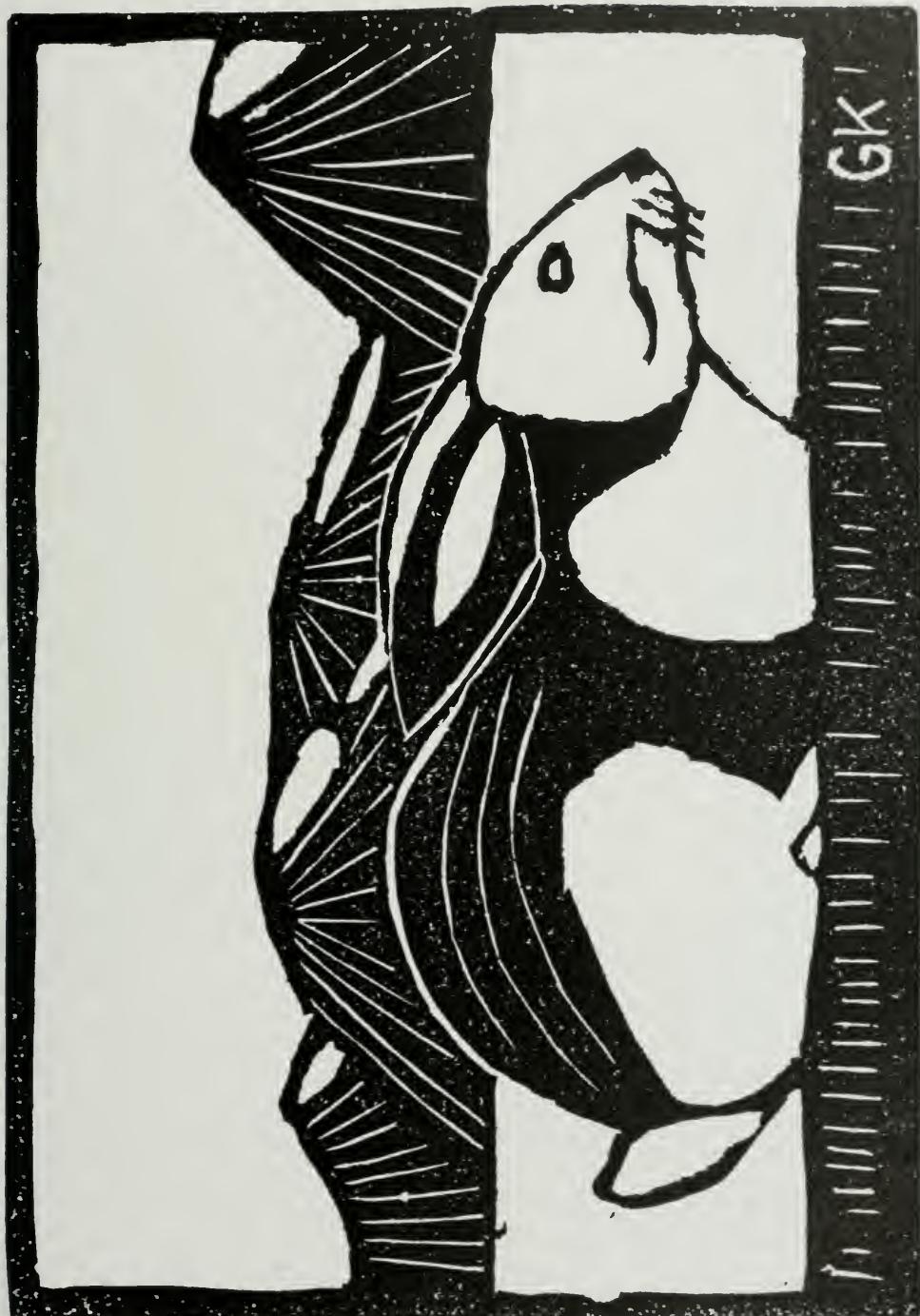
JUNE 29TH was a very exciting day for me and the rest of the school. It was the last day of school and everyone was excited. The school exhibition had been held the previous day and all exhibits had to be taken down and distributed or packed away; the pass list had to be read out before the pupils were released for the summer holidays.

During the summer holidays I did not go to a cottage as most boys did. Rather, I worked on a paper route. I found it a very interesting job and I earned over thirty dollars. At first it seemed to me as though I would soon become tired of going down to the office six days of the week. But when it came time for me to stop I had become so accustomed to going that I knew I would be anxious to continue.

Now because I say that I worked during the holidays, does not mean that I had no recreation. One day my father and I went on a fishing trip. When we started out we had thirty or forty worms in a can of earth. We caught no fish but the fish took all but five or ten. I also went on quite a few picnics and to the occasional motion picture show. My parents bought me a bicycle early in the summer and I had many pleasant rides through Rockcliffe Park.

After my enjoyable summer I was going to be very glad to return to school. One reason was that I was going to go to a new school with the opportunity of meeting new boys. Another reason was that by this time I was becoming very tired of holidays.

—D. M.



MY ASHBURY CREST

MY Ashbury crest is on my coat and my mother told me how it was made. First my mother said it was on a sheep and it was wool and it was cut off and then it was brought to a big factory and made felt and then it was cut in the shape of a crest and then had a lion stitched on and two fleur-de-lys and then was brought to Ashbury and I bought it at the clothes room. And one day I lost it on the way to school, so I went to Farmer Jones and I asked him if I could have some wool so he gave me some and I made a crest with the wool and when I came home my mother did not know the difference. Could you?

—ANON.

HOW JOHN SAVED THE TRAIN

JOHN SMITH was a curly-headed boy of ten who lived near a railroad track. One day he was down by the railway making a toy cart for his little brother when he heard a train coming. He stopped work to watch it. As he was waiting for it to pass by he noticed that the rails were disconnected. The train was very near now, only about three hundred yards away. At first he thought he could connect the rails, but the train was too near to do that so he quickly picked up one of his boards and waved it in front of the train. The engineer jammed on his brakes just in time, about eight feet away from the disconnection.

The engineer jumped out of the train and was very angry at first, but when John showed him the disconnected rails he was very pleased and told him to jump into the drivers' cabin with him and have a ride to the station which was about half a mile away.

On arriving at the station everybody was very kind to him and gave him lots of candies and biscuits. When he got home his mother and father were very proud of him.

Later on his father took him for a trip out to British Columbia and then they went on a boat to Vancouver Island. John enjoyed this trip very much.

—P. J.

THE HIKE

ONE Saturday morning Bill came over and asked if I wanted to go on a hike. I really wanted to loll around in the sun, but since Bill really wanted me to go I thought I would. Then a cold shudder came over me as I thought about the Latin paper I had to do. But I soon shoved that burden off my mind when I thought of the rest of the week-end which was before me. So I finally decided I would go with him. First we got our knapsacks ready and I telephoned up to Golden Lake to make reservations for a canoe to meet us when we got up there. Then we started, we tramped through bush and once we had to chop our way through. Finally we came to an open road; we walked



along it for a mile and then we came to a cliff. The cliff was quite steep and about a quarter of the way up was a tree, we got out our climbing ropes and lassoed the tree. Then I started to climb the rope, up and up I went till finally I reached the tree and I swung myself down to the plateau the tree was standing on and then Bill came up. When he had climbed to the plateau we began to think of how we could get up the rest of the way. Suddenly I saw a path but it wasn't safe enough for two so being the lightest, I started to climb. The first part of the way was easy but when I got near the top it got harder. I had just gotten two feet from the top when a stone slipped from underneath me. I lost my footing and yelled. There was a bush growing on the mountainside about five feet under me. I fell past it and I caught on to it. Then I started up to the top again. I finally reached the top and tied a rope on to a tree and let it down to Bill to climb up on. When he reached the top we started off again. We went through woods and we chopped our way through the woods. Once when we sat down to rest we saw a fox come by; quickly I pulled my .22 and shot it in the head. Then I picked it up and put it in our game bag. Then we went on, and finally we came to Golden Lake. The canoe was already so we put our blankets and knapsacks in it and started off. While we were in the village we bought a few supplies. We took the canoe about 1 mile up the lake when it started to get cloudy. I knew it was going to rain but I thought it would not be a bad rainstorm and I also thought we would make the spot we had planned to reach before it started. Golden Lake was about 15 miles long and 2 miles wide. We went on for another 5 miles and we only had two more miles to go when it started to rain. It rained very hard but on going for a mile then suddenly a huge wind blew up and the water got very rough. We tried to balance the canoe properly and we did not put anything on one side of the canoe but we laid everything in the middle of it. The water got in the sides of the canoe and suddenly we sprung a leak. I paddled the canoe while Bill bailed. But once Bill leaned over too far when he was throwing the water out of the boat and we turned right over. We quickly turned the boat over again and we climbed in and pulled our supplies out of the water. Our knapsacks were waterproof so they came through all right, finally we got to the shore and we quickly set up a tent. We then made a lean-to which was very high to burn the fire in and then we hung our blankets up to dry and then we cooked a good meal and decided that we could not get back that night. So we decided that we would make beds to the best of our ability. The minute I was in bed I went to sleep. I slept for about two hours when suddenly a noise woke me up. I looked outside the tent and there was a pack of hungry wolves. I quickly woke Bill and we got our guns, and since my father had just taught me how to use one I was not very good at shooting. But we killed two and frightened the rest away. Then we went back to sleep. When we woke up in the morning we had breakfast and then we packed the tent in the canoe up and went back. When we got back to the village we returned the canoe, paid for the damages done and then got ready to walk back. When we decided we would hitch hike we were very lucky in being picked up and taken almost to my house. That afternoon was sunny so I decided to lie in the sun. Then I thought of Latin prep. So I spent my afternoon doing Latin prep.

ALERT

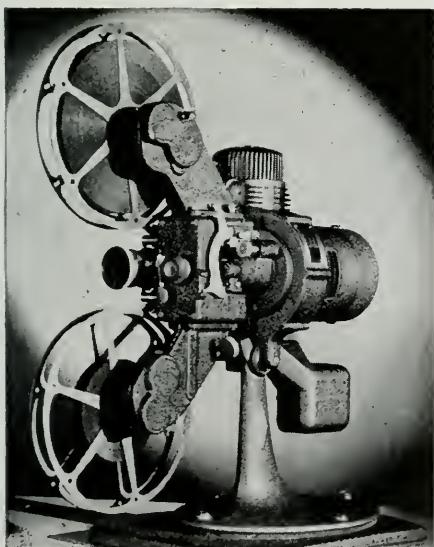


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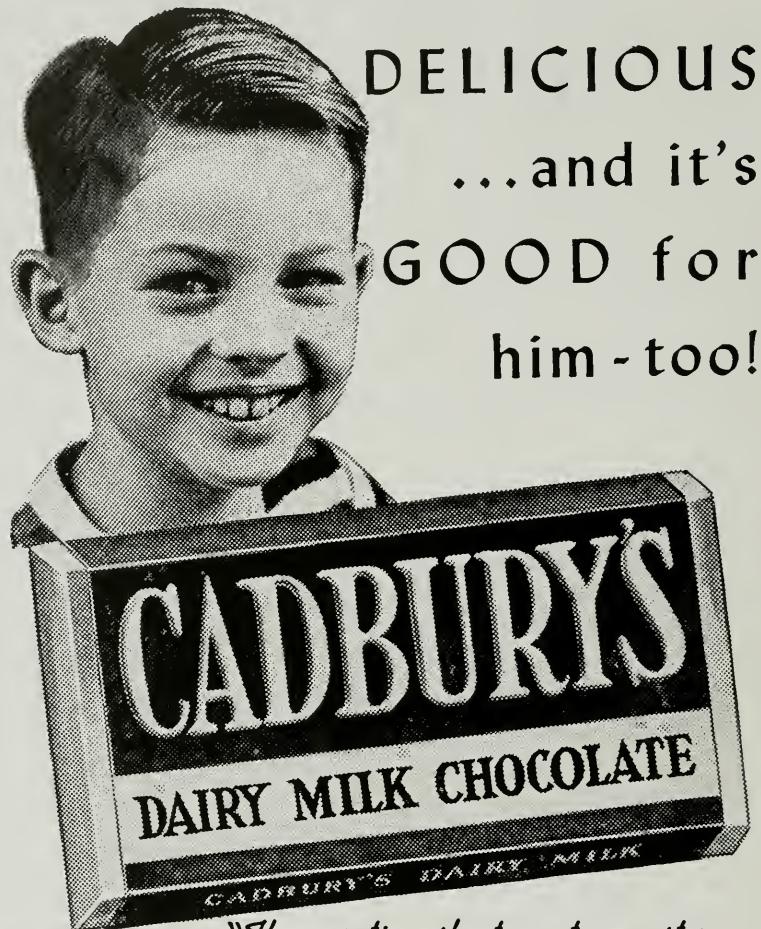
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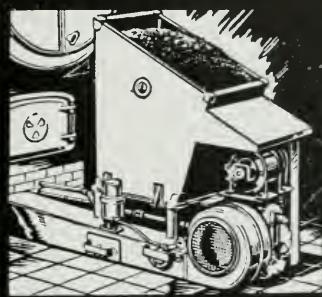
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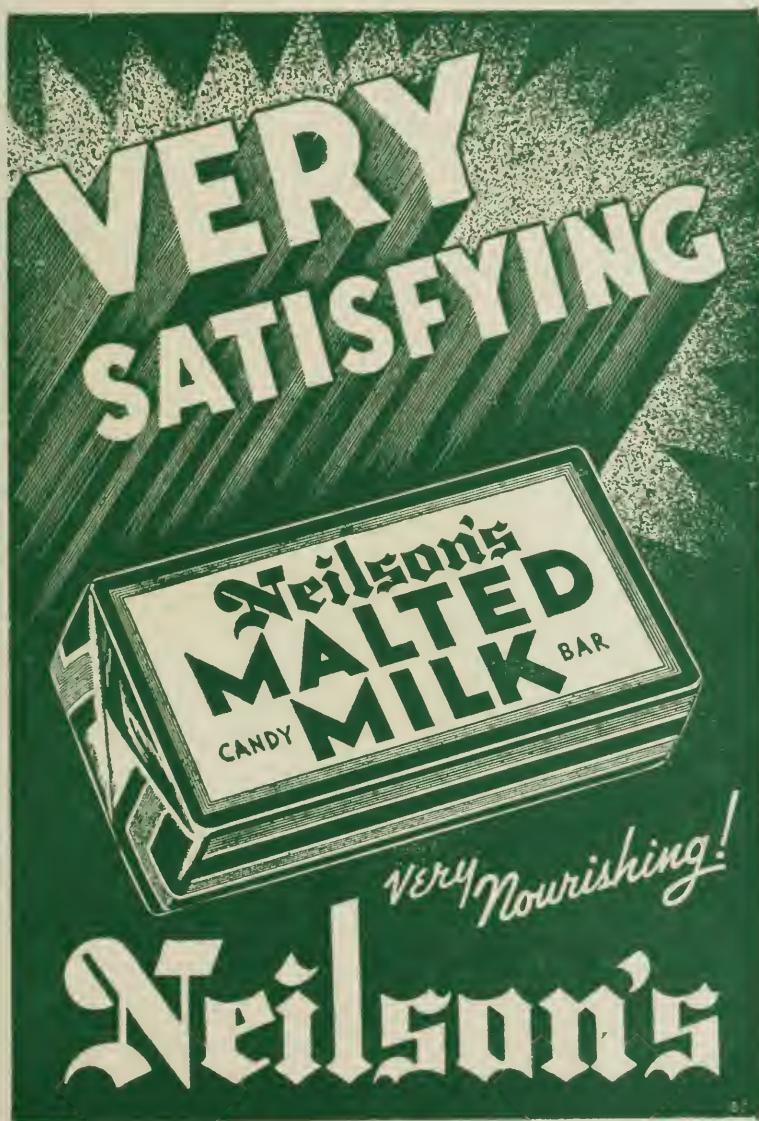
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